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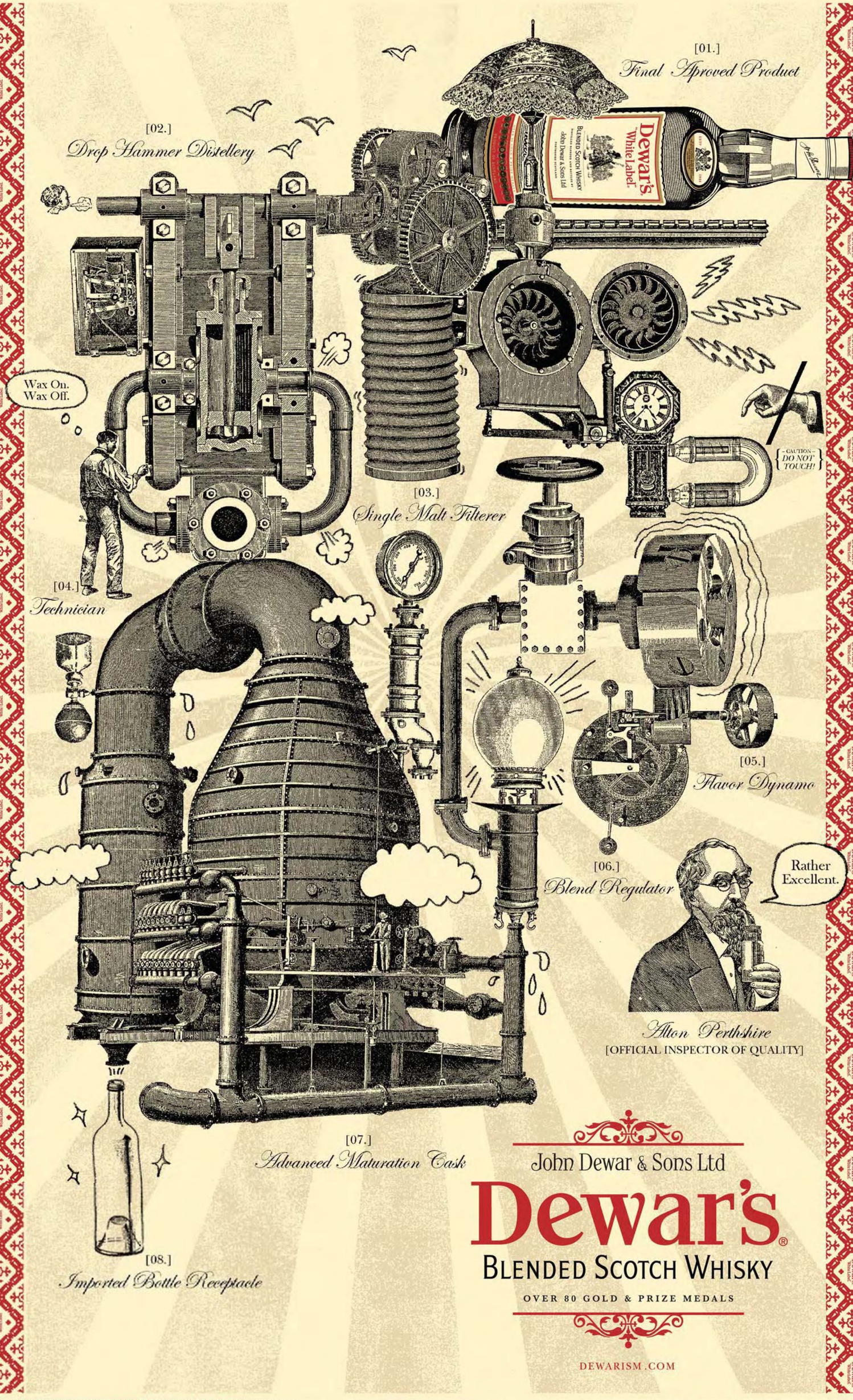
VOLUME 14 NUMBER 1

THE GIRLS ISSUE



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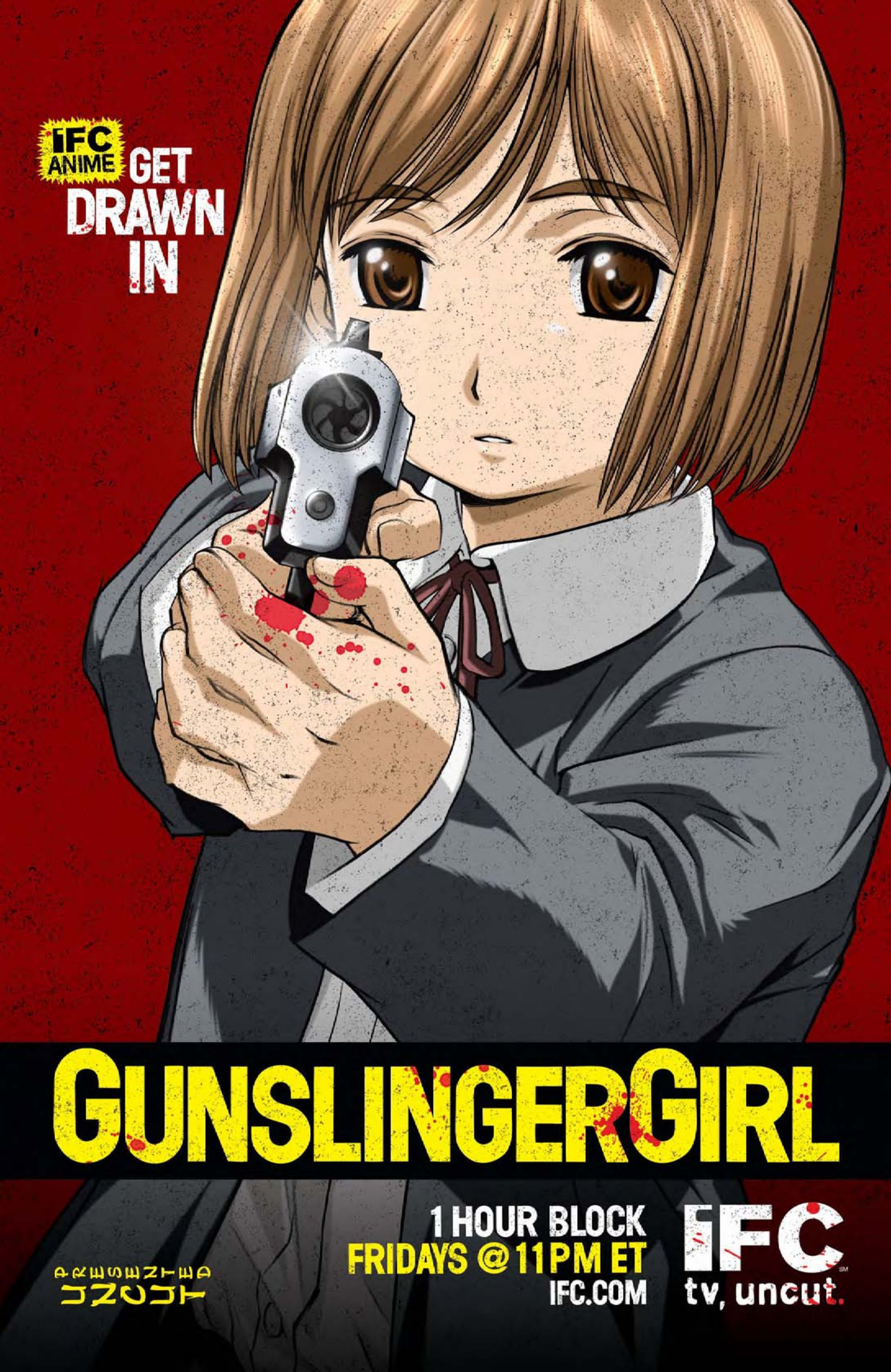
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DON'T TELL A SOUL
Secrets, Secrets Are No Fun! 42

GIRLS ON THE MAT
With the Top-Ranked Female Heavyweight 44

CRAFT TIME!
With Judi Rosen 50

WORKING GIRL
Selling Yourself by the Ounce 52

OMIGAWD!
THE VICE GUIDE TO GIRLS 56

A GIRL'S LIFE
I Turned Normal for a Week 64

24 Masthead **28** VICE Mail **32** Tidbits **36** GIRLS **71** Fashion
80 DOs and DON'Ts **88** Skinema **90** Reviews **98** Johnny Ryan's Page

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PRINTED IN CANADA viceland.com

FICTION FRICTION

Vice,

I was a little worried when I saw you'd done a Fiction Issue that wasn't just articles on writing or making up lies or something else, but an actual collection of new fiction. I guess I've been *McSweeney's*'d into believing that contemporary literature is just one big festival of preciousness and that irony or post-postmodernism or whatever you want to call it has leeched it dry of any value, and assumed all your contributors would be more of the same. But I liked the better part of the new writers you had in there and was excited to learn about old farts I'd somehow missed out on all these years like Charles Willeford. Everybody seemed to fit in with the whole just-telling-it-straight vibe I've always got from the mag—maybe this could spell the end to the Age of Cuteness we've been suffering through for the past decade.

Thanks,
TERRY KELLS
Chicago, IL

Thanks. And PS, we stole the title of this letter from an old Unwound song. Fuck they were good.

TRY CRAIGSLIST

Dear *Vice*,

Anyone know a place that rents studio spaces or gallery co-op type things and how to learn about them? What are the hip bars? What are the shit bars?

I went to this place called the Rickshaw and my mind was blown away by how multicolored-scarf-wearing, skip-to-my-loo indulgent and perfect some of these hipsters are. It was radical. I also went to this one called Zeitgeist that was nice except there was an inch of water-piss on the floor and everyone was hanging out in a dirty pit of dirt in the back.

Who are the people with names in the art scene here? Is a mixture of the urban-art-type boozer people and the more pompous high-art beer and wine with old-rich-hipster-type openings the main ingredients for this city?

kthnxbye,
STANISLAS BORAT
Via email

Wow, he really thought we were going to take the time to write him a reply email like, "Well the best bar is Whipper McDoodles, and you have to check out Doogie Bueller—definitely the hottest artist in town right now." It makes us kind of sad, actually.

AMIGOS ESPECIALES

Dear *Vice*,

I'm a 20-year-old journalism major from Puerto Rico studying with a group of people who really enjoy not only your articles but also the way your magazine exposes all the aspects of what you decide to write about. I could not help but realize that even though you cover the South American continent every once in a while, I feel like right now it's a place of constant change that alters the way world politics and trends develop. With that said, I think the people here could use the type of reporting you are able to bring to the many issues that you cover. Not only the population of my island, which is very conflicted with doubts about who they are, but the people of the Latin community could really benefit from a medium of free speech that could reflect their true feelings and not only outside opinions about what's going on in the world and, most importantly, in their backyards. I was hoping that *Vice* would take us under their umbrella and permit us to write about these issues in the native tongue of the masses in South America (Spanish). There is a real need for them to see that they are important and that their views are being not only heard but also broadcast and put on the world stage. I'm not even going to get into all the aspects of the numerous conflicts here, which are not only political but cultural and personal as well. I'll keep this short but want my people to be heard and shown that their voice matters. I feel the best way to do that is a magazine, be it a new one or an offshoot of your own. This would be the best way to effectively convey that message. If you're interested in this proposition feel free to respond with more questions or, better yet, come here and check it out for yourself.

Yours truthfully,
ALBERTO MIRANDA
Via email

They speak Spanish in South America?

THE FOOD POLICE

Dear *Vice*,

It's tragic that this woman's mother and uncle have had such terrible ends to their lives and that the kids didn't show before the funeral (though perhaps, you know, they had jobs and their own kids and obligations enough that they couldn't get from Ohio to Kentucky on short notice). That doesn't change the fact that in the end these poor people are suffering because they're killing themselves with the aggregate effect of a lifetime of eating absolute crap and not exercising. If you're going to eat meat twice a day, love your sweet tea and your soda, have plenty of dessert and candy as it suits you, and not actually do anything for your poor body, it's going to hate you and try to kill you.

It's like hearing a story about how terrible emphysema or lung cancer is from a lifetime smoker. Yeah, it sucks, but you did it to yourself and you knew each time it was killing you. At least with smokers the addiction gives them an out, but for fat, lazy sods with diabetes there's not a lot to say.

The Bible says that your body is holy, lady, not a freakin' garbage dump.
ANONYMOUS
From viceland.com

Are you seriously trying to take Gladys from that article to task for her diet? Ladies and gentlemen, we've finally found him—the winner of the Most Missing the Point Stupid Idiot Asshole Award of 2006.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS

Dear *Vice*,

Most of us have noticed that asserting oneself almost exclusively through criticism is great for a while but quickly comes to feel empty, disingenuous, and selfish. Well, the same is true of magazines that assert themselves this way. There has been excellent journalism in every issue of *Vice* that I've read but it's immersed in page after page of pedantic, recursively humble-yet-omniscient observational flotsam poised to be shoved down my throat and up my ass. People who can't relax until everyone around them knows exactly what has their approval and what doesn't are insufferable, especially if they hedge their bets by pretending not to give a shit.

One more thing. A few years ago, before I knew who he was or what he did, I heard an extended interview with/documentary about Dov Charney on the CBC. I try not to put too much stock in first impressions, but wow. Could you please do what most of us do and try to disregard him?

Love,
FARTY MCPEDERAST
Via email

You said, "Pedantic, recursively humble-yet-omniscient observational flotsam," your account name is Farty McPederast, and *we're* insufferable?

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TRADITIONAL GUY

Dear *Vice*,

I'm from Nashville, and "Family Tradition" is totally the anthem down South. No one's heard of it up here in Brooklyn though. Last week at the Trash Bar I sang "You Never Even Called Me by My Name" by David Allan Coe at the late-night, coked-up karaoke there. It really confused people. They went back to singing their punk karaoke again. Next time I'm cokey I'm gonna march right back over to Grand Street and do it again. I might even sing "Family Tradition."

MORRIS
Brooklyn, NY

We like you.

ÜBERDOUCHE

Dear *Vice*,

Whoever wrote the "Stripped Mountain" article needs to step away from their computer and shoot themselves as quickly as possible. Their ineptitude reveals a deeper flaw of failed reasoning and inability to use basic logic.

Understand that the act of transforming raw coal in the ground into energy for houses and production—the act of transforming raw nature into human values that enhance human life—is a highly moral activity, while the attempt to block such activity is not. To live as a human being requires one to regard nature as nothing but a means toward one's ends. Every cart, rowboat, and space shuttle man has constructed violates the "right" of land, sea, and air to maintain their "natural states." Every conscious decision to enhance human life—every attempt to rise above the animals—entails the subduing of nature and the repudiation of this environmentalist garbage that is espoused in this article.

Man's life depends upon his productiveness. So if man lives only by a process of remaking the earth, what is the implication of the demand that he renounce this process?

GREG
From viceland.com

Let me guess—You've been reading Nietzsche? Email us again once you've finished freshman philosophy.

GET OUT WHILE YOU CAN

Dear *Vice*,

I worked a summer in an Appalachian coal mine. The guy from the "Load Sixteen Tons" article is pretty much straight on with all the union guys I worked with. The unions do help them out a lot, and I've seen how the companies are forced to fire laborers and shut down mines. Appalachian coal mining is a very rough life, but it's very necessary for our way of life. Great article. This poor bastard is just one of thousands with the same problems. My boss said to me at the end of the summer, "Son, if you have any sense in you at all, don't ever come back to this coal mining shit. It ain't worth it. Be smarter than I was."

ANONYMOUS
From viceland.com

Send correspondence to vice@viceland.com
(include city and state/province) or to Vice Magazine,
97 North 10th Street, Suite 204, Brooklyn, NY 11211.
Letters are edited for length.

PEEL-OFF FACE MASK
Muddy face masks are a pain to wash off and they make the whole sink messy. When you can peel it off in one big piece it's clean, satisfying, and fun (because you can do this thing where you pretend you're peeling off a fake identity like in spy movies).

KNEE-HIGHS
Baby-doll dresses without knee-highs are like transsexuals. They look really good, but if you glance down you see something that's disappointing. Don't be a dick. Wear knee-highs.

AGENT PROVOCATEUR CASHMERE UNDERWEAR
You could put this on a cadaver in Darfur and it would look hot.

KITTEN LAMP
We got this for $30 from Wrapables.com because on a scale of 1 to 10 this is about a "cute."

BABY-DOLL DRESS FROM FOREVER 21
These make every girl look skinny because they move your waist to right under your tits where it's about as thin as a torso can get. And don't sleep on Forever 21. It's coming up, yo. H&M and Top Shop better recognize!

CICCIOLINA
She's a porn star, she's a model, she fucked Jeff Koons, she took over the Italian parliament, she has the weirdest eyebrows we've ever seen, and she's fucking funny. Cicciolina isn't an inspiration to women—she is women.

ROSEBUD LIP BALM
This shit can go toe to toe with that Bag Balm shit any day.

JEREMY SCOTT FOR LONGCHAMP BAGS
He did a bunch of them but this one is the best because it's a huge tote that can be folded up all teensers.

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VIVIENNE WESTWOOD BOOTS
We heard they're not in New York anymore because she hates US foreign policy so we asked a rep there and she said, "Though Vivienne is very angry about the War on Terror, the reason we're not in New York has nothing to do with that. The New York store was run by Japanese investors and after 9/11 they got cold feet and pulled out." So we can only get these on eBay because Japanese people are chickens? Nice.

KARAOKE MACHINE
Those stand-alone machines with the 5" screens are for chumps. We got this off acekaraoke.com for just over $200. It doubles as a DVD player, plays through your TV, and can take an infinite number of songs. Your neighbors will hate you but that's the price you pay for making your place The Spot.

FAKE ID
If you've got $50 you can get this from any of those small photo booths the Mexicans run on Alvarado Street in LA (they'll ask for $100 but they don't mean it).

BAD GAL EYELINER
This stuff goes on thick and is totally waterproof so you don't have to worry about looking like Tammy Faye every time you watch *Love Story*.

WINNER: KITTEN LAMP

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GIRLS

"I was almost the most popular girl in the private high school too. I certainly had the most popular boyfriend."

What's the Worst Gift Your Boyfriend Ever Gave You?

FROZEN FOOD
It was supposed to be the first dinner he ever cooked for me. We were at his place and he just grabbed two already-opened, half-finished, icy bags from the freezer. One of them contained ready-made frozen french fries and the other contained frozen mixed wok vegetables. He threw them both in a pan and fried them together. It might still be the worst thing I've eaten in my entire life.
LOUISE

DISHWASHER
I once got a dishwasher from my ex-boyfriend. I mean, it's really handy and everything, but it's more the kind of thing you'd want from your parents than from your boyfriend.
LOVA

TRASH CAN
A former fuck friend of mine gave me a wastepaper basket for my birthday, which is the day before Christmas. We were at this big party with a lot of people we both knew, and I felt really uncomfortable lugging that thing around and having to explain to everyone what it was and why I was carrying it on my birthday. I always felt like it was a very symbolic gift. Afterward I gave it to my sister.
ANDREA

OFFICE CHAIR
My old roommate once had the dullest relationship ever. I think she thought it was really cute that the guy was so boring, but one Christmas he gave her an office chair. He had wrapped it super neatly, the way they always do in cartoons with wrapping paper around every nook and cranny so you can tell what it is. She didn't even have a place of her own back then. She was going to a school about 400 kilometers away, and when she didn't want to bring the chair with her he got really upset. Like, he thought it was a really good gift that showed that he cared about her spine a lot or something.
KARIN

GREEN DAY POSTER
One Christmas my ex-boyfriend got me a group of things that were supposed to be "for each one of the senses." It was the worst thing I've ever experienced. There are five senses, and there were only four parts of the gift, so that didn't even make sense. There were two posters, one of some random beach scene, and another of Green Day. I don't even like Green Day! There was a huge bag of red and green jellybeans, and I HATE jellybeans! There was also a big bottle of vanilla-scented bubble bath, which I guess was OK but that I never used. And there must have been some kind of music too, although it was probably so terrible that I erased it from my memory. I would have preferred a homemade card or love coupons.
KATHY

COMPILED BY VICE STAFF

Tell Us About the Most Popular Girl When You Were in Junior High School…

INTERVIEWS BY JOHN JAMES
PHOTOS BY ANTONIA WRIGHT

Sarah Bradham
Her name was Caroline. She was just a really cute little girl. Everyone really liked her. She was blond and a tennis champion. I'm from South Carolina, so she was your typical Southern blond girl I guess. We were best friends in first grade. There was a really big disaster where she tripped and fell. Like, some kid tripped her and she fell into a desk or something and she had this really horrible black eye that took up half her face and I wouldn't talk to her for a week because I was too scared.

Jackie Fallen
It was me. I remember there was a contest where you could send carnations to people. God, they were so cheap. I had this huge mound—I couldn't hold them all. Then I went to a private high school and I remember thinking, "How will they carry on without me?" and they did and I was devastated. But I was almost the most popular girl in the private high school too. I certainly had the most popular boyfriend.

THIS PAGE:
DESIGNER LABIA

"It was agony. I have a really bad scar down there and have never had a relationship with a man."

A 16-year-old girl being circumsized in northern Kenya. Photo by Getty

OUCH! Female Circumcision?!?

What fucking century is this? People are still chopping off clits? They sure are, mostly in Africa. The majority of cases of FGM (female genital mutilation, dontcha know) are carried out in 28 African countries. But as a result of mass immigration and refugee movements, FGM is now being practiced by ethnic minority populations in other parts of the world, even in forward-thinking havens of freedom like the USA, Canada, Europe, Australia, and New Zealand!

It's estimated that at least 6,500 girls are at the risk of FGM in the UK alone every year. Most cases of FGM involve the removal of the clitoris and the labia minora, but at its most extreme, they "excise" almost all the external genitalia and then stitch up the vulva, leaving just a tiny opening. *Vice* spoke to six women in London who were forced to become part of this statistic.

COMPILED BY VICE STAFF

Jan, 27, North London

I was born in the UK but my family is from Nigeria. When I was five or six I remember being told that I was going on holiday back to "my homeland." I was looking forward to the trip from what I remember, but when I got there I was taken straight to my grandparents and my mother and father left without saying goodbye. I sensed that something was wrong but was too young to understand. I had a very strong grandmother and I recall her sitting me down on a bed and telling me about the community traditions and that I was home to honor them. I was very afraid when another lady came in the room. I was held down by my grandmother and a neighbor, and they held my head back so I couldn't see what was going on. Someone else entered the room and after that I just remember a pain so sharp I stopped breathing. I think looking back that I was in shock for a long time. I was very sore and bleeding a lot, they kept me lying down for what felt like a very long time, and one of the women was putting some sort of mixture on me. I don't remember how long it took to heal, but I know I was kept in the room for a long time. I've never spoken to my parents about it. I think my mother saw it as her duty to her mother, to carry on the tradition. It is believed that if the clitoris isn't removed then you don't become a woman. I don't remember much about it, but I remember that it hurt so much. I don't feel angry about it, but I don't think I'll ever fully understand how I wasn't in control of something as big as that happening to my own body.

Becca, 27, South London

I was excised when I was eight years old. I had a really high temperature and was sick for two months. It was very, very painful and infected. The smell of it made me feel sick. I was so ashamed. I just remember feeling really embarrassed if anyone came near me. Years later I tried to get pregnant and couldn't. Eventually I visited a specialist who discovered that my Fallopian tubes were blocked. I didn't have the money to have the operation at the time, but since moving away from Africa, I have managed to have it done. There is still a high possibility that I am infertile.

Sam, 19, South West London

I'm British-born and had quite a pleasant childhood. But there was always something that loomed over me as I grew up. They kept telling me I was soon going to be purified. I didn't know it was going to mean me being taken to Nigeria and having my vagina cut. It was agony. I have a really bad scar down there and have never had a relationship with a man. I find it very upsetting, but I completely forgive my parents for doing this to me. I think they've been brainwashed.

Sarah, 32, West London

I was excised as a baby, as were my two sisters. I married and moved abroad to study and this is when my daughters were born. I didn't want them to be excised because my little girls were too old and I didn't want them to go through anything like I had. When I moved back home I couldn't find anyone to look after the children while I was out so I left them with my mother for the weekend. When I went to get the children on Sunday, my mother told me that the children couldn't leave because they weren't well enough. I could hear them crying and ran into the room. They were so upset and seemed in shock. My mother was shouting at me saying that I had to see sense, that she'd done what was right for them. One of my daughters has since suffered from numerous infections and ulcers. I was fortunate enough to move my family here 12 years ago. I haven't spoken to my mother back home since.

Tell Us About the Most Popular Girl When You Were in Junior High School…

Sharon Weitz
I don't know. There was a lot of them. I guess it was Samantha. She was very nice. She's still one of my best friends. She's a cool girl to hang around with. Beautiful too.

Stephanie Torres
Her name was Andrea. She was just a total bitch. She always had the newest things. I remember she used to sing all the time because she thought she had the best voice. So she would like belt out in the middle of class. That's why I remember her I think.

Rebecca Hoffer
I can't even remember middle school. I think her name was Sarah. The boys really liked her. She was kind of sporty and cute and she definitely made her own clothes, which made her much cooler than the rest. She had a sweet fan. Remember? "Fan hair"? It was awesome. She had the best perm ever.

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THIS PAGE:
- TEEN ANGST EPITOMISED
- SWEDISH TITS

"I've never been as happy about anything on myself as I am about my boobs."

Fuck You!

Being the Expounding of One 16-Year-Old Girl's Feelings Regarding the World

Humanity is the most vile, disgusting species to ever walk the earth. We spend billions of dollars on things that are meaningless: Clothes, entertainment, drugs—things we don't need in order to live. Our nature only provides us one true instinct: Greed. I have never met a selfless person. No human would actually put someone else's needs before his own unless it would benefit him in some way.

Nothing's even real. It's all just made up. Take "personalities" for example. There's a good one. No one has their own personality. Everyone is a clone of everyone else. With your little trendy outfits and shitty music, you take pieces of what you see on TV to form what you call a "personality."

I would also like to know why so much money is wasted on the mentally retarded. What happened to survival of the fittest? There are people without food and shelter, but we are giving our money away to people who can't take care of themselves. We even waste billions of dollars to detect such impairments before birth. So why not just put an end to retarded babies? Oh, because it's morally wrong. Yet it's within moral reason to bring them into this world to live without much quality of life. Right.

There's no need for morals. Be as greedy and selfish as possible. Because after all, the true meaning of life is to feed the greed.

AMANDA SINGER

Swedish Girls Talk About Their Tits

STINA

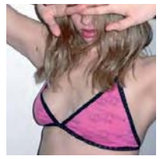
Growing up I was extremely shy. I was so prudish and just wanted to stay a little girl and play the cello and do my homework and listen to classical music forever. I was scared of everything. So of course I started getting huge boobs when I was 12! I would wear nothing but baggy clothes and try my best to hide them. And my mum, she's a bit special, we would be out walking and meeting friends of hers and she'd go, "Stina is getting her boobs!" I was mortified. I didn't make peace with them until like last year.

SARA

I hardly even noticed when I got my boobs. I never thought about them. My mum was always running around naked so it wasn't a big thing at all, and I had a big sister. I think my boobs are fantastic. I've never been as happy about anything on myself as I am about my boobs. I'm always talking about them. When I was younger they were solid as rock. My friends used to call them "the concrete tits." I was really happy about that. Now they've gotten bigger and a bit softer and saggier. I'm so fond of my tits. I want to keep them milky white and perfectly smooth.

CECILIA

I once went to one of those old-school lingerie boutiques where they find your size for you. It was completely empty except for me and the old lady that runs it. She was very bossy and told me to step behind the counter and take my top off. She examined me and then came back with a bra. She picked the model, the size, and the color, she snapped it on me and took it off—I was like a rag doll in her hands. It was like my tits weren't even mine anymore, she'd bend me over and jerk them around and go, "No, wrong size for you, you need smaller," and leave me standing topless in the store.



EMELIE

I was so psyched when I first got my boobs. I would just walk around constantly touching them as soon as they started rearing their tiny heads. And then when I started taking the pill they doubled in size overnight. I noticed it the next morning and went out and bought new underwear to celebrate. It was so great, so much fun. But as soon as I stop they go away just as fast. It's like a party trick.

Tell Us About the Most Popular Girl When You Were in Junior High School…

Juliana Sanderson

Jamie was the most popular. I didn't like her. She was really mean and really pretty. She had blond hair and blue eyes. We were in middle school but she had big boobs.

Melissa Clavin

Her name was Bianca and she was really mean and really skinny. She was, like, anorexic. With curly hair. I used to be her friend in fourth grade. And then, like, I wasn't cool enough or whatever. I guess she was popular because she would do stuff with guys. None of her friends liked her. They would pretend to be her friend.

Sarah Dickinson

I forget her last name but her first name was Stephanie. She was blond and beautiful and athletic and very friendly actually. I wasn't one of the popular crowd. I was one of the freaks.

SUPRA
Chad Muska's Skytop
WWW.ONEDIST.COM
SUPRA

Photo by Isabel Asha Penzlien

DON'T TELL A SOUL

Secrets, Secrets Are No Fun!

As some poet guy has surely said at some point, "All women are big piles of secrets on two legs." Or as the dwarf in Twin Peaks *told Agent Dale Cooper in reference to Laura Palmer, "She's full of secrets." What that little dwarf meant is that every woman is full of secrets. And it's true. Accept it. If secrets were turds, all girls would permanently reek of shit. We asked a random sampling of girls for their deepest, darkest secret. For some reason, they told us. Can you match the girl with the skeleton in her closet? We would tell you which girl owns which shame, but we don't give away secrets. Not all the way at least. (Maybe you can find out more at viceland.com, maybe you can't.)*

"I hooked up with two people in a bathroom stall while one of them took a shit."

"I spent my high school career spying on my alcoholic principal and trying to get her fired. I succeeded. Oh and also, I killed my little sister's rabbit."

"I only hang out with people I am prettier than."

"I tried to sleep with my professor for an A, but he couldn't get it up."

"I ran drugs cross-country. I was the middle-woman for a few heads. If you needed it, I got it for you."

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GIRLS ON THE MAT

With the Top-Ranked Female Heavyweight

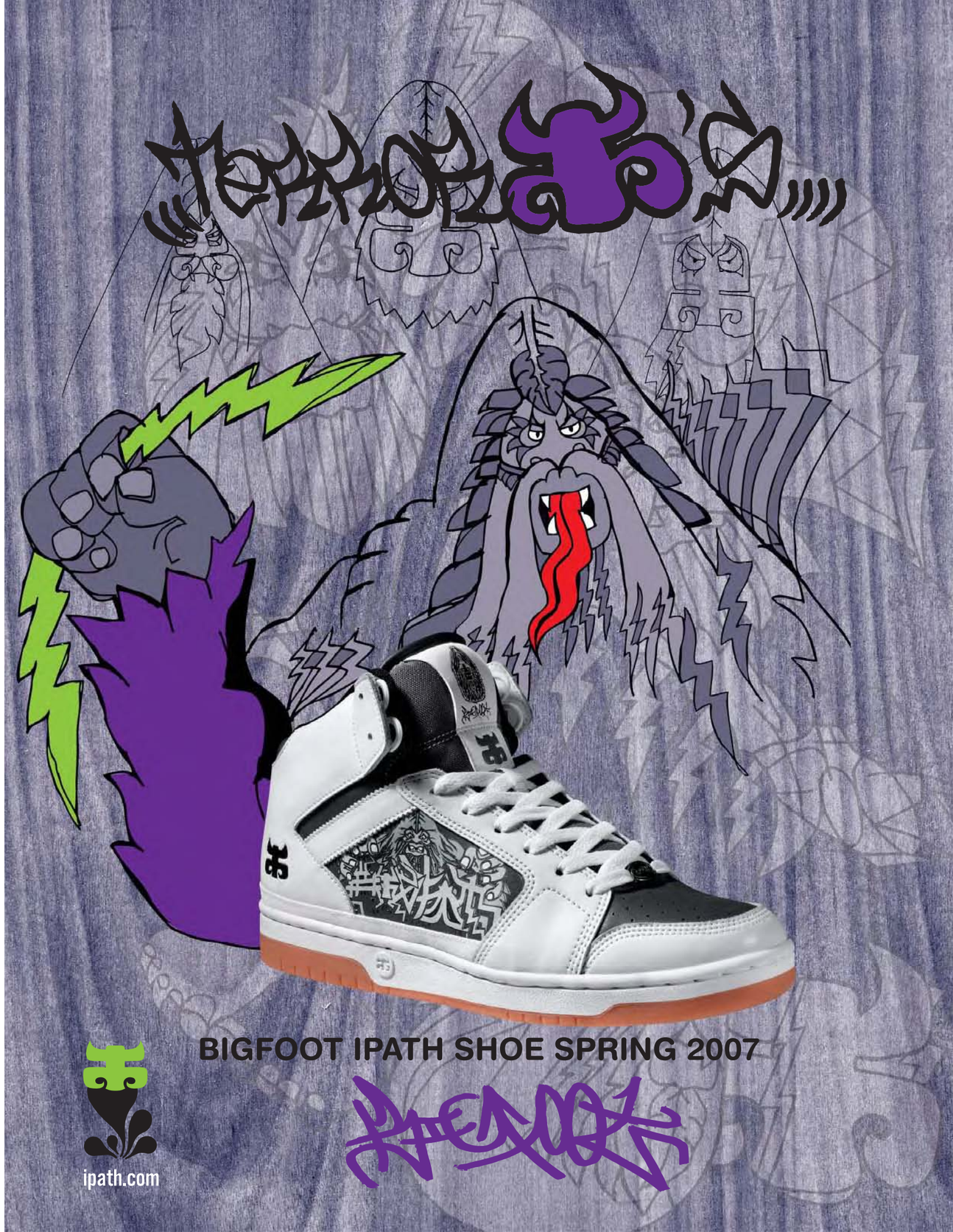
I'm really into boxing lately. I love watching it, reading about it, and attempting to learn how to do it. The one thing I haven't done is actually fight, because I am afraid—not of black eyes and fat lips, but of being fed through a tube and crapping in a bag. Which is why, when my trainer told me it was time for me to actually fight, I challenged the top-ranked heavyweight boxer in the world. Her name's Martha Salazar, and we had a three-round match. Here are the pictures.

STORY BY MORGAN MURPHY
PHOTOS BY DAN MONICK

We fought at the Broadway Boxing Gym, this cinematically run-down place in South Central Los Angeles. On the way there my trainer, who has one eye permanently shut from getting punched in the face so much, pointed out the place under the freeway where he used to sleep. (By the way, this is the only photo where I look like I have a chance in hell.)

This is Martha Salazar. She only started boxing in 2000, but when she hits her hardest, she can knock out a male boxer—even a Samoan. That, at least, is what her trainer said. Why he singled out Samoans, I don't know. In addition to being fucking huge, she is also really, really fast. They call her "The Shadow."

I call her "The Woman Who Gave Me a Free Abortion."



This is my trainer "Canada." It was his idea to box in dresses.

This is Danovis Pooler, Martha's trainer. He's a boxer too, and Martha can and does kick his ass.

Here we go...

Before we started, Martha's trainer was pumping her up, whispering to her in low tones and generally being an exceptionally cool and relaxing person. Canada has his own way. He told me some story about a car fire and when the bell dinged, he said, "You're a fucking idiot."

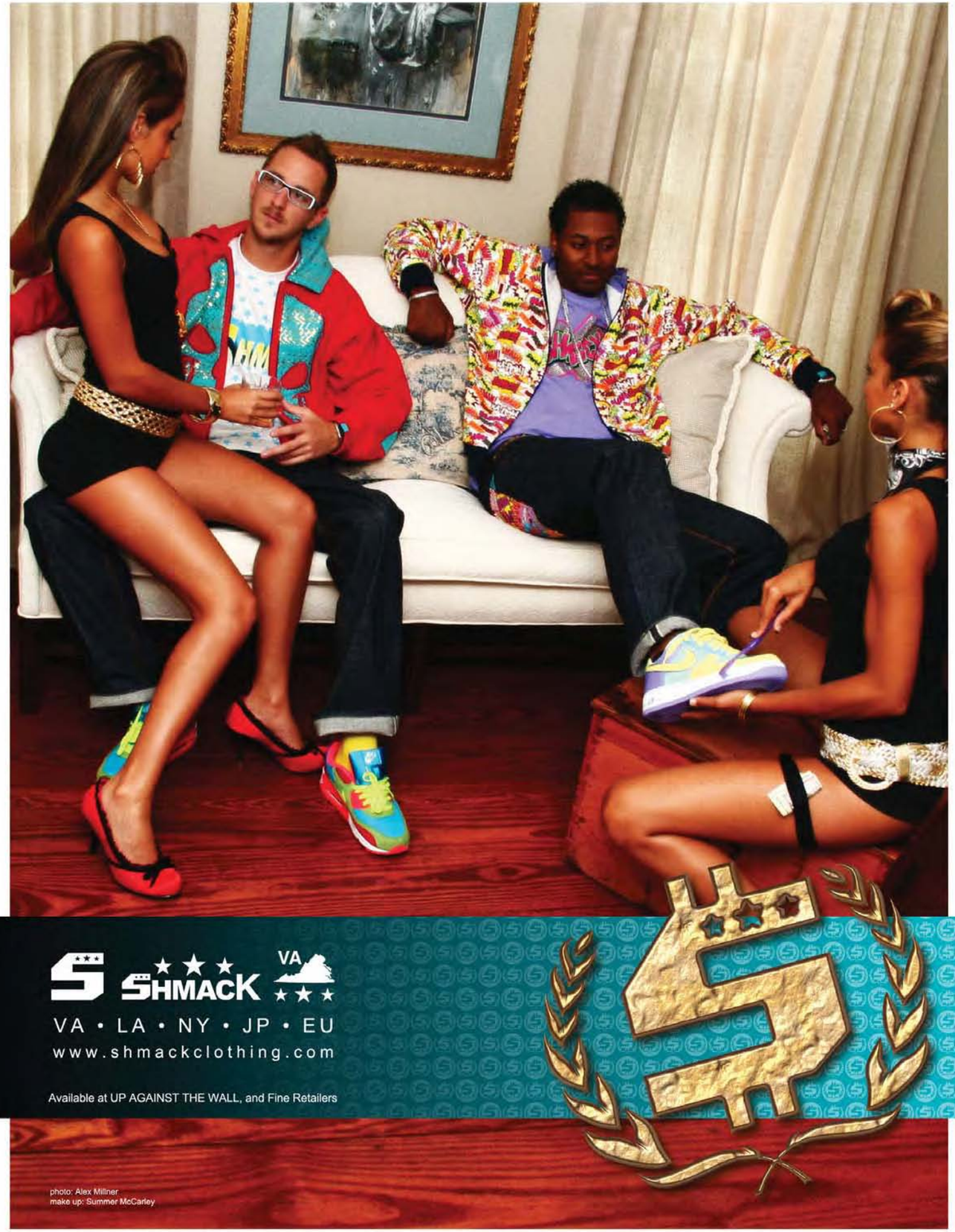
With that in mind, I got punched really hard in the face. (That's Steve Jenkins, the ref in the background there. Canada made him iron his shirt.)

Even though I expected to lose, it was pretty weird getting pummeled this way. I was totally disoriented and making these weird breathy panting sounds. (Look, she's trying not to laugh in this one. [Really.])

Keeping my hands down and not protecting myself at all is a tactic I learned from babies. My hair was in my face so I couldn't see what was going on most of the time. I could still keep track of what was happening though: I got punched in the face a lot.

I don't know why she bothered blocking. I didn't land one punch.

If you're going to get punched in the lungs, it's better if it's a surprise.



Just because I didn't "hit" her, that doesn't make me a bad boxer.

I'm wailing on her arm.

Between rounds I spat in a bucket.

Round Two: My very first knockdown. That's the technical term for when you are punched so hard you fall over. I prefer to call it a trip, but that's not a technical boxing term.

Also not a technical boxing term: "The Titty Stare."

The second time I got knocked down was not fun in any way whatsoever. I heard my neck crack and felt my face hit the mat. I was kind of bummed out.

When it was almost over, I tried to give Martha a knockdown by jumping at her. It didn't work. (Jesus, look at the ref's expression.)

Martha carried me effortlessly until the bell rang, and then she threw me on the ground just for kicks.

That's the end of that.

I lost the fight, friends. I was defeated wholeheartedly by a 240-pound woman who gave me far less than everything she had.

Even though I knew I was going to lose, losing sucks. I felt like shit in this picture.

Fat cunt. Next time you will not get off so easy. I will fight you any day, anytime, and in any place. You are going down. By the way, nice dress. You piece of shit.

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EMILY LAZAR
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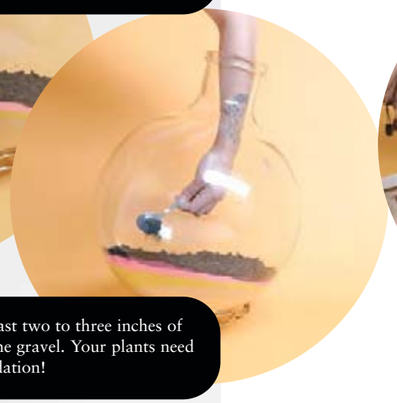
1 You won't need much. Just basic gardening tools, plants of your choice, various gravels and sediments, and some suitable domes and jars. You can get this stuff at a good hardware shop.

2 First in is the gravel. Don't feel roped in by the natural color spectrum! Day-Glo and fluorescent are not only allowed but encouraged.

3 Next up is the soil. Use a few brands and types to come up with your own unique dirt mix. Your terrarium will know you care.



4 Spread at least two to three inches of soil above the gravel. Your plants need a firm foundation!

5 Loosen the roots so they can spread and prosper (if the plant gods think they're worthy, that is).

6 Use a stick to poke holes in the soil for your new friends to live and grow in.

7 You did it! Congratulations! You have a productive new hobby, and you've been initiated into a proud girl tradition. Go forth and teach your friends.

CRAFT TIME!

With Judi Rosen

"Tina" (aka crystal meth, aka "ice," aka "crushing paranoia and pain powder") has been making a huge comeback in New York lately—and not just with its usual audience of glitter-faced club-kid homosexual people. Why, just last month a vice president at one of the largest banks in Manhattan was busted in his uptown apartment with a very uptown meth lab. Whoops!

Too bad he didn't call me before the cops came to bust him. Being as crafty as I am, I would only have needed an hour or two to turn his meth lab into a life-enhancing crafts project. Then he could have a new addiction… Terrariums! Fun for all, much more relaxing than meth, and a bit less pricey. And terrariums, once created, are self-sufficient ecosystems. Generally, with just a little TLC at the start, they'll last a love-time!

Here's how to go from meth lab to terrarium in seven easy steps.

ART DIRECTOR AND MODEL JUDI ROSEN, WEARING JUDI ROSEN NEW YORK
PHOTOGRAPHY STEVEN KREBS
PROP STYLIST AMY HENRY
TERRARIUM CONSULTANT ROYCE MEIER
MAKE UP SARAH EGAN

SPECIAL THANKS TO DIANA KINSCHERF, MISS NOVELLO-VITALE, AND MARTHA AT HICKS NURSERY

WORKING GIRL

Selling Yourself by the Ounce

All around the world and since the dawn of time, pretty young girls have made money off the horny minds of older men. This usually involves stripping, walking the streets, or taking it up the ass on video. While all three of those things are fabulous I'm sure, most of the girls who do them hate their job, their dads, and themselves. Luckily for me I am pretty much a genius and have discovered a way to extract money from degenerate perverts with minimal degradation on my part. I don't even have to meet them, much less touch them.

You see, at the tender age of 17 I was randomly messaged online by a lonely pee drinker who had taken quite a liking to me after seeing my picture on facethejury.com. He would annoy me every day with questions about what kind of pantyhose I wear, how often I wear them, have I ever peed on a guy, would I please, please meet him and make him my human toilet, and so on. I made no effort to be nice to him in the least but that only made him want to talk to me more. One day he told me my piss was sacred and that it should be bottled and sold to desperate piss consumers such as himself. So I called what I thought was his bluff and told him, fine, he could buy my pee for $100. The poor loser couldn't have agreed quicker and I even threw in a pair of pantyhose for an extra $100. This was the start of something sick and wonderful, and I have since discovered that there isn't much that comes out of me or grows off of me that I cannot harvest and sell to cyber-weirdoes all over America.

Since then I have made literally tens of thousands of dollars selling my toenail clippings, shit, piss, spit, puke, and just about anything else I can secrete from my pretty little orifices. Add in the healthy trade that I do in worn panties, hosiery, socks, and shoes, and I have learned almost everything there is to know about the seedy bottom-feeders of the fetish community.

I would like to share my vast wisdom with the rest of you girls out there. I'm sure you will find it beneficial in whatever you choose to be in life. Or at least it will make for a good conversation starter at your next family gathering. There are three main types of sad perverts who buy my body's waste products online. I've broken them down here, along with an excerpt of a real email from a representative of each wonderfully disgusting subgenus.

PANTY PERVERTS

Do you think you might smell bad, you know, down *there*? If so, it could be time to start reaping the ego-boosting benefits of selling your vagina-goo-soaked panties. As a rule of thumb, the more pussy discharge and skanky ass smell you can embed in them the better. Panties are the most common item I sell. It makes sense. I mean, don't we all have that certain friend or family member that we wouldn't be surprised to find out used to raid their sister's hamper for smegma-laden undergarments? Panty perverts are out there in mass quantities and if they had the choice they'd spend their lives crawling around on their hands and knees sticking their noses up every miniskirt in sight. What's great is that you don't even have to show even a little tittie to get into their wallets because nothing pitches their tent like a candid, inconspicuous, cotton-crotch panty shot. Easy as pie. Most buyers are relatively normal perverts while others are relatively like this:

Continued on page 54

These pink mesh nylon panties sold for $67 to a sad little man in Florida who refers to himself as my, "#1 admirer with a HOT HOT online crush."

These pink satin fullbacks sold for $80. Panty perverts love big soft girl undies. It makes for a smoother ride when they're polishing their little soldier's helmet. Barf.

White see-through mesh panties; sold for $76. Facedown/ass-up is always a great selling strategy.

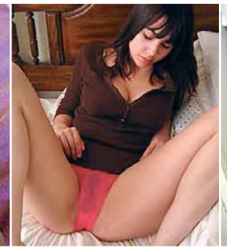
I exchanged these cheap three-year-old sneakers plus a bag of used tampons for a new cute pink pair of expensive running shoes.

Here's the photo I used.

My ex-boyfriend's mom bought me this red thong for Christmas a while back and it really creeped me out. I sold it to some degenerate for $64 so he could cover it in his ball snot. Now it's not so weird.

Glittery spandex thong sold for $92 to a nut who simply adores the smell of butthole and dirty feet and indulges in his fetish via wrapping used socks and panties around his face with a head strap. He calls me his "Pookie-Licious Snuggle-Bunny."

You probably think your grandma has the best recipe for jam in the world, but I bet she can't sell a four-ounce jar of it for $30.



Hot-pink see-through fullbacks sold for $59. Nice and easy.

The profits just pour out of me, basically.

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Ceara,

I am so excited right now that my tiny little boner is ready to pop out of my little underwear. Of course you wouldn't see it cause it's about like a baby carrot or a Vienna sausage. It still squirts a lot of jizz though. I know when it has been about two days since my last whack off I can get enough out of it to almost fill my mouth. MMMmm I love eating cum!!! I really hope you can make some VERY RAUNCHY ASS SMELLING PANTIES!!!! I LOVE STINKY TASTY SKIDMARKS!!!!! Talk to you soon I HOPE!!!

Thanks,
Peewee

FOOT FREAKS

You would think a guy with a foot fetish is potentially perfect boyfriend material. He gives frequent foot rubs, pays for pedicures, and loves shoe shopping. Unfortunately not all foot freaks limit themselves to these tasteful traits, and the ideal BF candidate soon turns into another pathetic customer. Every guy who loves feet is submissive to a degree—some to the point that they'd put up with a bitch of a girlfriend just because she gives amazing foot jobs and others to the degree that they'd pay money to lick dog shit off the bottom of a girl's shoe and thank her afterward for the privilege. A pair of pretty feet has the advantage of selling any number of worthless things and if you're lucky you can even get an informative and detailed descriptions on how said item was used:

Ceara,

Hi Pookie!! As promised, I have sent the $67 via PayPal. I was so excited that I almost couldn't wait until payday got here!! It is a privilege to smell the stinky feet of a girl like you!! I am going to the athletic store and I am going to buy a headband so that I can strap your little socks against my nose in a hands-free manner. Then I am going to fantasize about being tied spread-eagle to your bed, with you forcing me to sniff your stinky feet, while giving me a hand-job!!!!! BOING!! Now I've gone and done it!! I've got a stiffy in my pants right now as I type this!! See what you do to me, Ceara?! You are an incredibly desirable little hottie-tottie!!!!

Love ya baby girl!!
B.W.

What a winner, right? This guy was also the happy purchaser of my special blend Princess Toe Jam Spread. To make it, I got a big container of cheap jam, smeared it all over my feet, and then scraped it off into little four-ounce jars and sold them for $30 a piece. He told me that he made peanut butter and toe jam sandwiches out of it and ate them with his unsuspecting coworkers during his lunch break. I imagine he's been successfully climbing the social ladder ever since.

HUMAN TOILETS

There's not much I can say in defense of human toilets, as I will never understand how anyone could get a boner over eating prepackaged shit. Regardless, the moment I discovered there were men out there this sexually deranged and (most likely) emotionally damaged, I was kicking myself for just flushing all that poop down the actual toilet. Never again!

Ceara,

I am plenty knowledgeable about all aspects of FEmale products and consider myself a true connoisseur. It is no lie or exaggeration when I say I've consumed in excess of two tons of FEmale excrement over the past 42 years. If I included non-excrement stuff, it would be nearer to four tons. YOU can see that this is no passing fancy for me. I live to be a toilet for GIRLs. Life would truly be pointless if I were cut off. In the past 42 years I've invested over $150,000 in my shit-eating pursuits. Naturally that's money well spent, but as my life runs out, I want my final days to be a big and glorious event. From YOUR point of view, I'm just a decrepit and gross old shit eater, and my only worth is: I'm someone to shag as many bucks from as YOU can, but in my mind, I've paid my dues and put in my time, and as grand as it all was, I want only the best from now on. When I'm sitting around in my rocker on the porch of some old folks home, I want to remember the faces of GIRLs like YOU and let my imagination fill in the odors and taste YOU were willing to share with me. I want and need memories like that to sustain me in those final days. BTW, I also like sucking on and eating used menstrual products, eating drain hair, finger and toenails, belly button lint, boogers, used band aids, hacked up stuff, snot from when YOU're sick, or anything else YOUR perfect FEmale body can produce. Maybe we can do other transactions in addition to these pee/poo packages. Bye for now.
YOUR toilet, turdboy (aka kopkop)

PS: YOU said my email almost made YOU vomit. I'm sorry about that, but if YOU do vomit, please try to do it into the container of poo. I will pay extra for it. Thanks.

In conclusion, I'm pretty thankful for discovering how much money and free entertainment can be made from the excessively masochistic and socially inept. I've found it to be an amazing way of relieving stress and improving self-esteem. I would recommend it to all girls, except that might mean less money for me. So ladies, keep working that stripper pole. Thanks.

TIERNEY CEARA

THE NITTY GRITTY

So I imagine by now you're filled with furious anger at yourself for peeing and wearing panties all these years for free. Well I don't blame you. That's why I've compiled this simple how-to guide to selling things you'd otherwise wash, flush, or throw away. Firstly and most importantly, buy a digital camera. No perverted loser is going to buy anything from someone based simply on what they claim it to be. They want to see pictures. GIRL pictures. If that makes you nervous you can always hide your face, as many sellers do. Don't feel like you have to get all naked either. In the past two and a half years I've been selling, not a single dude who's bought from me has seen so much as a nipple. I don't find them worthy. If you want to though, well, then more power to you… whore. But as long as the pictures are in focus and sexy the perverts will come flocking.

Most panty sniffers like their panties to be as full as possible of smelly, white girl goo. If you can make yourself cum hard, great. Stuff your panties in your vag like a turkey and have at it. Or you can just wear them for a couple days and let nature's discharge take its course. A lot of times I get requests for scat or pee panties too. So don't freak out if Aunt Flo visits all over the lacy pink thong that just sold for $100. Explain the situation to the pervert. These guys are submissive and understanding. Worst-case scenario is he'll agree to wait an extra week and a half so you can wash and rewear them. Best-case scenario is he'll beg you to send them as is and pay extra for your tampons.

Luckily, feet don't have cycles. Socks and shoes are much easier to prepare. A few workouts at the gym in the same unwashed footwear yields erotic-smell heaven for perverts. This would be a good time to mention that a vacuum sealer is another must-have item for any seller to preserve maximum, uh, "freshness" when packaging.

Extreme fetish items are the most difficult to package. Toilet treats like piss and shit have to be sealed in airtight containers and quite often the poor pathetic soul who's buying it requests it to be shipped priority mail so they can consume it as soon as possible after it comes out of the tap. Saliva hardens after a day or so, rendering it useless to jack off with (this is the closest some degenerates get to receiving a blowjob). But if you seal it in a container that screws shut it can last twice as long. Tampons have the shortest shelf life out of anything. After just a few hours, menstrual goods will begin to brown and smell like yeast-infected vagina puking up decomposing baby. But hey, no worries, some guys are in to that.

Lastly, never forget to include a letter with every package, thanking or degrading the creep (whichever is most appropriate) for buying your trash. This simple business ethic gives perverts a sense of worth and meaning to their panty-smelling, shit-eating lives and helps insure future sales. Once you begin to collect regular customers you will be pretty much unstoppable.

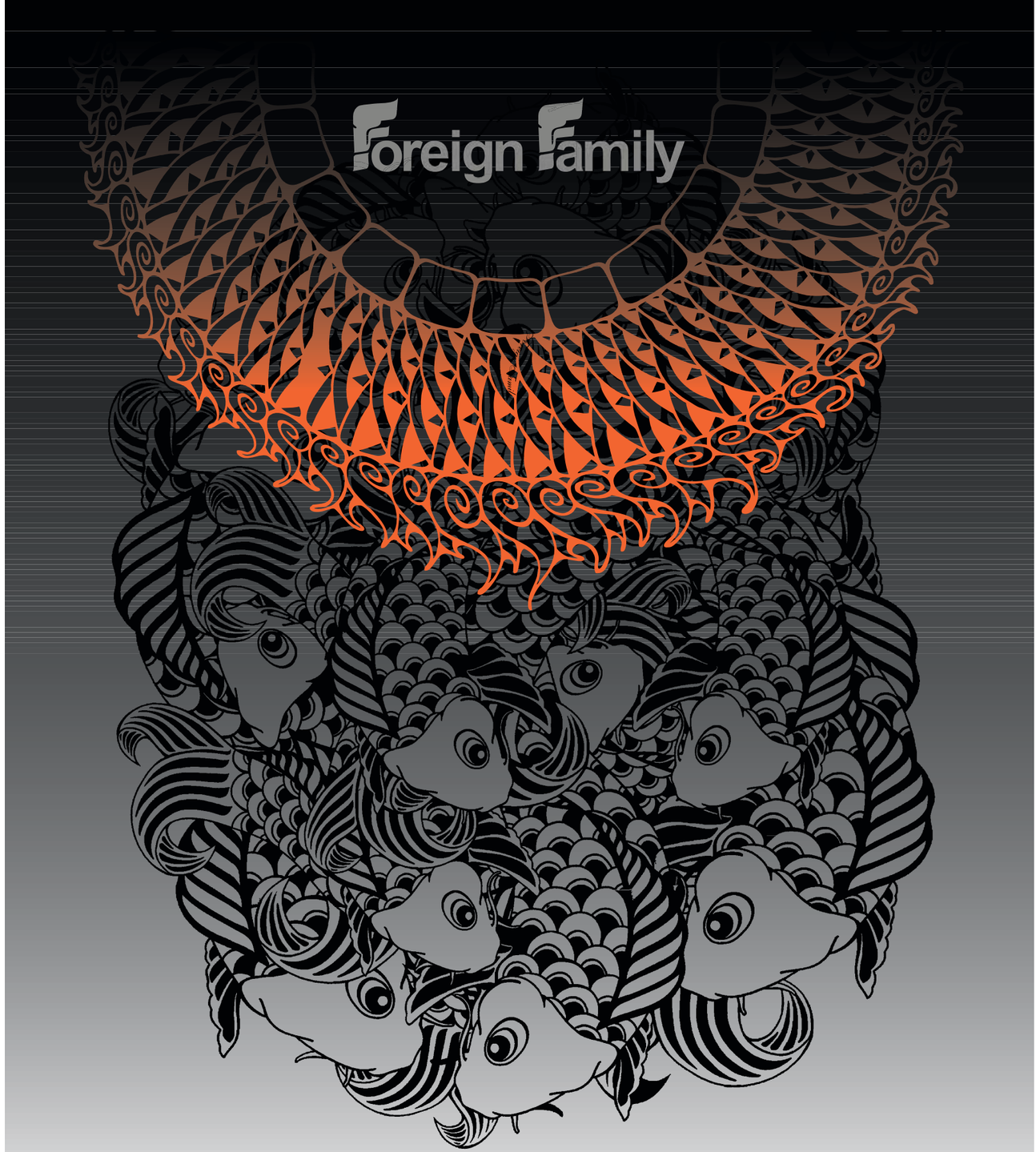

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Illustration by Christy Karacas

Omigawd!

THE VICE GUIDE TO GIRLS

It's fun to be a girl. We get to giggle and cry and throw hissy fits and keep diaries and bleed out of our vaginas and care about stuff and we don't have to feel like a fag about it. We even get to vote, hooray! Sometimes we forget to though. Sorry, Susan B. Anthony!

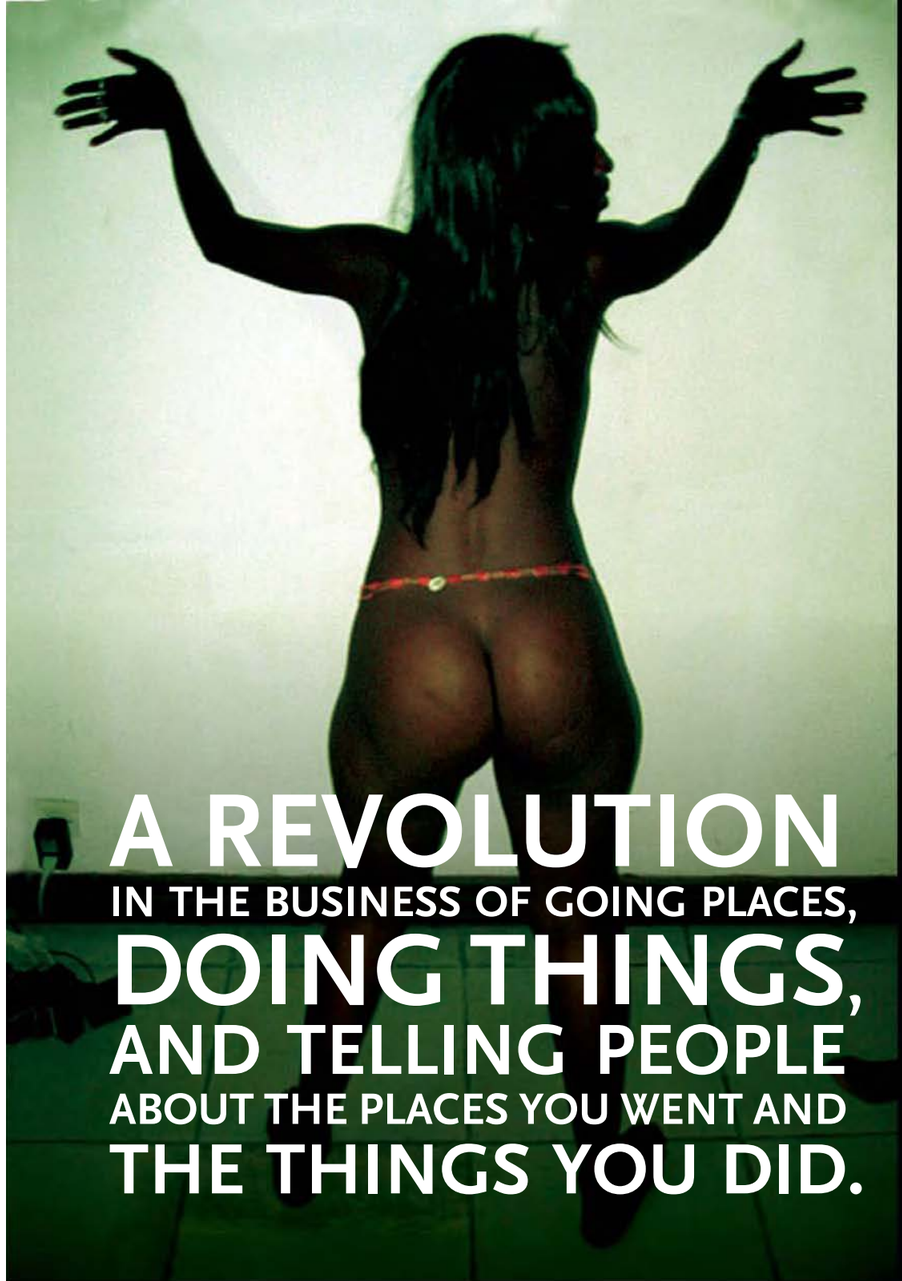
Now before you go calling us dumb sluts (we know you love to do that), you should know that we also understand the problems with making essentialist assumptions about gender. We know that biology doesn't dictate who we are (society does!). We went to liberal arts colleges, thanks. So if you're a girl and you love fixing cars and playing football, that's aces. We can do whatever we wanna do, right ladies? And right now we wanna give you an A-to-Z list of some of the things we love (and hate) about being a girl. Girl Power! (Just kidding.)

ASSHOLES

Guys think we're attracted to assholes because that's their only defense for when we dump them. When girls are rejected we turn it inward and blame ourselves for not being prettier. That's our bad, we know. But when dudes are rejected they makes grand statements like, "Women love guys that are assholes, they don't care about us nice guys!" And then that grand statement spreads like the wave at a Yankees game and next thing you know it's written in fucking stone because dudes are able to write stuff in stone! Yes, they have that much power.

We don't want you to push our heads down to your crotch area when you want a blowjob, but we also don't want you to cry and write shitty emo poetry and paint our portrait in pastels. It's just that there's only a teeny wading pool in between the lake of total assholes and the bay of fucking pussies, so sometimes when we're horny we'll take what we can get. Ultimately we all want the same things: Good sex 'n' giggles. So learn how to eat pussy and start memorizing lines from Will Ferrell comedies like your sex life depends on it. Because it does.

Honorable mentions: Apple (the one that Eve ate), Andie from Pretty in Pink, *Ally Sheedy*



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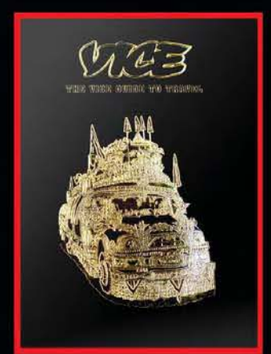

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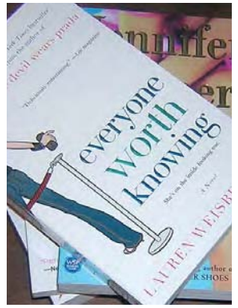
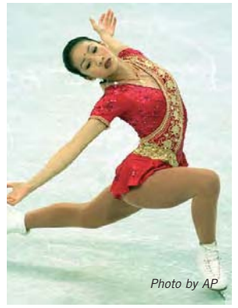


C is for Chick Lit

H is for Hitachi Magic Wand



I is for Ice Skating (especially the Kwanster)

J is for Jenny Lewis

B BLAHNIK, MANOLO

What's the big whoop with these things? We've never been able to justify spending half our rent on a pair of shoes so we have no idea and guess what? We don't care. Have you ever seen a foot come out of a high heel after several hours of wear? Not a pretty sight, no matter how expensive the shoe. It's like you crammed five sweaty, naked, fat people into a phone booth. They are red, puffy, and pissed off. Don't get us wrong, we like heels. Dress-up is fun. But we also like not having bunions and toes that will eventually look like Teen Wolf's fingers. So save the heels for museum galas and dancing naked for your boyfriend and rethink the penny loafer. They're sexier than you think!

Honorable mentions: Babies, birth-control pills, brides, biological determinism, Betty & Veronica, baking, Bring It On

C CHICK LIT

In case you've been living on *Lord of the Flies* island, "Chick Lit" is book-speak for literature written by women, for women who act like girls. We try to love it but we don't. Why? Because it's usually written about normal girls who have normal jobs and try to get ahead in their boring, normal careers and we can't understand why. They are filled with clichés and have stolen our lingo, like "totes" and, even more embarrassing, ancient terms like "hottie" (so '96). Sometimes these books are about rich women who have nannies, and then maybe their nannies keep a diary and we're supposed to care about that too. This just in: We don't!

Honorable mentions: Cats, crafternoons, caring, cliques, Cookie Mueller, C.B. Barnes

D DIET SODA

We know it's a cliché but goddammit, it just tastes better than regular soda. We swear. Isn't it lame how Pepsi made Pepsi One to trick macho dudes into drinking diet soda? Seriously, whose manhood is threatened by diet soda? Probably someone with a very tiny manhood. Ha ha ha! (Small-dick jokes. Classic.)

Honorable mentions: Dildos, Darlene from Roseanne

E EATING DISORDER

Fun-fact time! Here are some statistics culled from NationalEatingDisorders.com: The average American woman is 5'4" tall and weighs 140 pounds. The average American model is 5'11" tall and weighs 117 pounds. Eighty percent of American women claim to be dissatisfied with their physical appearance and ten million women in the US have a full-on eating disorder. Depressed yet? Here, have some ice cream, it'll make you feel better.

But come on, do you really want to let TV and fashion magazines tell you that you're fat and worthless? You're smarter than that. If you act like you're awesome, people will think that you're awesome. And if you have to, fake it. Fake it till it's not fake anymore.

Honorable mentions: Emma Goldman, estrogen, Eileen Myles, essentialism vs. constructivism

F FEMINISM

We get so mad when some nitwit says she's not a feminist. I guess if you're cool with being raped all the time and having no options in life other than being a baby machine or a prostitute, then yeah, you're probably not a feminist. But if you enjoy birth-control pills and not being beaten up by your owner—I mean, husband—then you pretty much are one so you may as well stop shaving your legs right now. Just kidding. Somewhere along the way feminism got a bad rep, but it doesn't mean you have to be a sourpuss or that you can't write tongue-in-cheek articles riddled with silly gender stereotypes. All it means is that you don't hate yourself.

Honorable mentions: Feelings, face cream, flirting, Foxes

G G-SPOT

Ooh, the G-spot. How do I find the G-spot? Where can I buy 500 books about finding the G-spot? Listen, for the millionth time: If you put your fingers in a lady's vagina and tap up in a "come here" motion right behind the area that feels kinda spongy, that's it. It usually feels pretty awesome for the lady and she might even cum on your face if you're lucky. The end.

Honorable mentions: Ghost World, Grey Gardens, Golden Girls, *getting fingered, Grandma Moses, gossiping*

H HITACHI MAGIC WAND

This machine, aka the Cadillac of vibrators, is the answer to your orgasm prayers. If you don't have one, buy one. Now. And stop writing to *Glamour* about how to achieve an orgasm through intercourse because who are you kidding? Clits need vibes like diamond rings need fingers.

Honorable mentions: H&M, Heathers, *Helen Love, horses,* Hothead Paisan

I ICE SKATING

The delicate twirling. The death-defying leaps. The sparkly outfits. Pitting preteen girls against each other and making them cry. Ice skating is as girly as it gets. It's the only Olympic event we really care about. Well, and gymnastics, which is basically ice skating without the ice. Oh, and men's swimming, which is just sexy.

Honorable mentions: Intimacy, I'm With The Band *by Pamela Des Barres*

J JENNY LEWIS

Dear Jesus,
Thank you for giving us Jenny Lewis. She sings real purdy and has nice hair.
Love,
Girls

Honorable mentions: Judy Blume, Jerri Blank, Joni Mitchell, jumping up and down when we're happy

KATHLEEN HANNA

Dear Satan,

Thank you for giving us Kathleen Hanna. She doesn't care what you think, and we don't either.

Love,
Grrls

Honorable mentions: Knick-knacks, Kate Bush, Kimya Dawson, Kim Kelly from Freaks and Geeks

LUGS

If you went to a liberal arts college you already know that LUG stands for Lesbian Until Graduation. Real lesbians get annoyed that straight girls experiment with lesbianism in college just to hopefully scare their parents when they mention it at Thanksgiving. And we can't really blame the lesbos—LUGs are the leading number-one cause of lesbian heartbreak in America. Every dyke we know has been used then chucked by at least one "bi-curious" girl.

Honorable mentions: Lita Ford, Lynda Barry, leotards, Little Darlings, Ladies and Gentlemen: The Fabulous Stains, *Laurie Alpert (author of* Growing Up Underground *—read it)*

MEAN GIRLS (THE MOVIE)

"I don't hate you because you're fat, you're fat because I hate you." And there you have the best line from the best movie about teenage girls to come out since John Hughes dumped Molly for Macaulay (bad move, man). You would think that by starring in a movie about exactly how not to be a stupid teenage bitch, Lindsay Lohan would have learned a thing or two. Oh well. Tina Fey is the real hero of this one. We watch the DVD over and over and wish that we were the ones to have written the screenplay.

Honorable mentions: Maternal instincts, Mama Cass, Margaret Cho, Mo'Nique, Maureen Dowd, marriage, manipulating, martyrdom, Miss Hannigan

NICE TITS

Everyone loves boobs. Boobs are the best. Except for our own. They're way too small/big/pointy/droopy/lopsided/whatever. Girls never ever like their boobs. It's like a curse. But here's the thing to consider: Real men love real boobs. We mean, real ones—squishy tits that flop over when you lie on your back. No one likes hard, fake boob jobs except for porn fetishists and hair-gel frat jocks and do you really want those creeps touching your special areas anyway?

Honorable mentions: Nancy Drew, Nikki Corvette, Nomi Malone, not wanting to have butt sex

OMG

OMG, can you believe that girls invented slang and no one gives us props for it? In fact, we totally invented the following things: Saying "like" every two seconds, reducing "totally" to "totes," "stupid" to "stoops," and expanding "stoops" to "stoops du jour." We changed "gnarly" to "gnarls" and then upped the ante with "Gnarly Lama," "Gnarls in Charge," and yes, even "Gnarls Barkley." That one got stolen big-time! We put the "grody" in "Grodo Baggins" and the "jealousy" in "peanut butter and jelz" (we know you're jelz of that one!).

OK, maybe inventing slang like this isn't something to be proud of. It doesn't make us sound particularly smart (unless you come up with a 'licious [delicious] word combo such as "God, this party is so Gnarlito's Way!") but boys around the globe have been ripping us off for years. We heard them use "douche chills" on a syndicated sitcom and we invented that! We know we're just getting territorial and making it seem like girls invented all plays on words. But we did! We just wanted you to know. It's not like we don't want dudes to say stuff like, "OMG, it's so chilly con carne out tonight!" We do, we just want you to admit that WE invented the way you talk, OK?

Honorable mentions: Orphan Annie, overthinking stuff

PAULA BEGOUN, THE COSMETICS COP

We heart Paula because she calls bullshit on fancy makeup and skin-/hair-care products. But she's not anti-makeup—you can tell from her picture that she wears more than her share. She just calmly explains what the ingredients in the products actually mean (plant extracts are bullshit—thanks, Clarins), alerts you to the insane amount of irritants contained in most skin creams (screw you, Origins), and then rates the best and worst ones for you. And it's all online for free.

PS: You know that Crème de la Mer stuff that is supposedly the best moisturizer ever and costs $160 for a teaspoonful? Well, according to Paula, it is "almost exclusively water, thickening agents, and some algae." Suckers!

Honorable mentions: Pink, pink, PMS, Patti Smith, Poly Styrene, Pammy and Nicky from Times Square, *people-pleasing, processing, Punky Brewster*

QUIZZES ON MYSPACE

Girls only do those stupid MySpace quizzes to send secret, subliminal messages to boys they have crushes on. Now you know.

Honorable mentions: Queen Latifah, quilting (we do that, right?), Queen Elizabeth, questioning everything!

ROM-COMS

Rom-coms are romantic comedies (*When Harry Met Sally* is the mother of all rom-coms), and oddly enough we know more boys who are into these movies than girls. Just ask our editor. Rom-coms are pretty good for a Sunday afternoon. Flip on 11-Alive (that's what channel 11 was called in the 80s) and fold your laundry to *You've Got Mail*, *Serendipity, Just Like Heaven*, and *The Truth About Cats and Dogs*. It's actually one of the only guilty pleasures we can honestly say we feel a little guilty about. It seems like these movies were made specifically for us single women to feel hopeful about finding our soulmate and it's OK because all nice guys and chubby girls finish last and don't worry, you will too, and damn you Hollywood bigwigs for making us fall into your devilish trap!

Honorable mentions: Rainbows, Regina Spektor, the Runaways, Rizzo, Ramona Quimby, Rollerderby *magazine*

SASSY MAGAZINE

If the cassingle of "Betty Boo: Doin' the Do," randomly showed up at your house, then you were a subscriber to *Sassy* magazine! Congratulations! You've just been awarded 25 cool points. Add an extra 1,000 if your riot-grrl band was ever featured in the "Cute Band Alert," and, if you're a boy, add 10 for being the boy of the month in "Dear Boy." If you interned at the magazine, wore overalls, cut your hair short, had a pair of Chinese slippers or John Fluevog Mary Janes, made your own skirt out of neckties, submitted to "It Happened to Me" or that weird little poetry page, still own the issue with Kurt and Courtney on the cover AND the 7" single by Chia Pet on bubblegum-pink vinyl then you are the winner of being one of the coolest girls ever to exist on this planet. Yay!

PS: There's a book about *Sassy* coming out in April. We'll be buying our copies at the stroke of midnight.

Honorable mentions: Slutty Halloween costumes, self-help books, Sara Silverman, The Sweetest Thing, *strap-ons, saying yes when we really mean no, the Sundays, the Shangri-las*

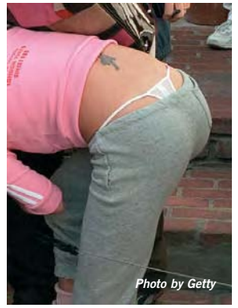
THONGS

One question: Why? I own one thong and the only time I wear it is on laundry day. And typical me, every laundry day I forget how fucking annoying they are and I find myself picking at invisible wedgies the whole time. But you can't pick thong wedgies because a thong IS a wedgie. You are choosing to give yourself a wedgie. And why, because it looks hot to dudes when you lean over and they see the little stringy triangle sticking out? Where were you born, Asbury Park? Do your kids go to preschool in a casino? Thongs are fucking cheesy! If you don't want your panty lines to show (reconsider, however, panty lines can be really hot) then why not just wear… nothing? What a shocker. And don't be scared that people will be able to see your woo-woo like Paris and Lindsay. Those girls want to show off their vaginas. And why shouldn't they? Vaginas are way prettier than thongs.

Honorable mentions: Tina Fey, Three Women, *tomboys, thrifting, talking about other people, talking about relationships, talking on the phone*

N is for Nice Tits

S is for Sassy



T is for Thongs

V is for Viagra

UNICORNS

All girls love unicorns. And we all love the movie *The Last Unicorn*. And the theme song to that movie by the band America is our favorite song and we all have the lyrics written in calligraphy next to our poster of a bouquet of roses that have been strewn over a piano. And when we hear this song, we all put on our pointe shoes and one of those masquerade-type masks and dance around our bedrooms singing, "When the last eagle flies over the last crumbling mountain/ And the last lion roars at the last dusty fountain/ In the shadow of the forest/ Though she may be old and worn/ They will stare unbelieving/ At the last unicorn… I'm alive! I'm alii-iive!"

Honorable mentions: "Uptown Top Ranking" by Althea & Donna, Ugly Betty, *Uggs (why won't they die???)*

VIAGRA

Who wants to be pounded for five hours? What modern woman has the time? Hey, ever wonder what would happen if a girl took Viagra? We know a lesbian who took some with her girlfriend and here's what she said: "It was the worst sex we ever had. Clits are sort of like little penises, so they got all swollen and hard and it took FOREVER for us to come. But I guess technically that's what Viagra's supposed to do so I don't know what we were expecting." Fascinating!

Honorable mentions: Viola Swamp (the mean teacher from Miss Nelson is Missing!*), vaginas (doye), Valerie, V.C. Andrews*

WAXING

Waxing hurts. It hurts a lot. God forbid you should choke on a pubic hair while you're eating us out. Thank you, Larry David. What's with girls waxing everything though? We can understand a bikini wax, and even a betweeny wax (only Jewish and Italian girls need apply), but getting a Brazilian and having absolutely no hair down there is a little weird. Looking like a five-year-old when you get naked is just gross. If men like it, if they're the ones that specifically request it, you might want to take into consideration that they're pedophiles. Sorry but it's true. We understand that not everyone wants to embrace their inner Andrea Dworkin, and we agree that personal grooming is important. But it doesn't mean you have to look like a porn star. No one looks like that. Sex is supposed to be awkward and weird and dirty, with stray hairs and stinky pits. Those are the things that sometimes make it the sexiest.

Honorable mentions: Witchcraft, women's studies, Wendy Williams, Wendy O. Williams, Wanda Sykes, wanting more than he's willing to give, Weetzie Bat

X-PENSIVE PURSES

Are we the only ones who find the popularity of $10,000 handbags with WASPy names like "The Clive" or "The Eliza" disturbing? Seriously, it's a place to put your tampons. I mean, true, girls love a cute purse. It's because a purse is a metaphor for a vagina—it's small and velvety and pretty and you want to put things in it again and again and again. Still, our criteria for a good bag are: a) lots of zippered pockets, and b) big enough to fit all our crap inside because, like Alison in *The Breakfast Club* says, "You never know when you may have to jam." If it happens to have a cute heart pattern on it and lots of shiny things hanging off it, then yay, bonus. But really, like they always say, it's what's inside that counts—carry useful things in your purse and lend them freely. People will be impressed by your generosity and resourcefulness! Much more so than they would be by a price tag anyway.

Honorable mentions: Xanadu, Xena: Warrior Princess *(we miss that show every day)*

YOU

You are a girl! You are a gift, a rainbow, a ray of sunlight and a fresh summer breeze. You give life and eat forbidden apples with pride and determination. You are beautiful and don't ever let anyone tell you otherwise. As a girl there are a few simple commandments. One of them is that jealousy kills girl-love, so the next time you and a bunch of your girlfriends gang up against another girl and make her cry because she hooked up with your ex, just remember that it's really not cool to do that! You don't even care about Kevin anyway, YOU dumped HIM! Another thing to remember is, "Beer before liquor, never been sicker. Liquor before beer, you're in the clear." Sitting on the sidewalk while Mandy holds your hair back while you puke is not a good look!

In all seriousness though, you are a girl so you should be siked. Give your man a great idea and don't be surprised when he turns to his friends and says, "Hey man, why don't you listen to my great idea?" Since you're a girl you won't mind because that's how we roll. Do you think Yoko cared when she told John Lennon about peace and he acted like he invented the damn thing? No, she didn't. You're smart. You don't need to prove yourself to anyone. You know the truth, so stop acting like you don't already. It's giving the rest of us a bad rep.

Honorable mentions: Yoko Ono, yeast infections, yogurt

ZODIAC

"Oh my gosh, you are SUCH a Libra!" Sandra said after she showed me where the frozen-yogurt machine was in the caff. It was my first day working for Mr. Spencer, the top dog at the law firm were I had landed my first real secretarial job. Oops, I mean "executive assistant." Gosh, I'm so forgetful, I guess I truly am a Libra after all! Sandra was so sweet. After she offered me a Diet Coke she told me where I could hide my Reeboks. "Mr. Spencer makes sure all his girls wear pumps but I know it's only natch to wear 'boks, just don't let him see you." Thank gosh Sandra was a Gemini. We were compatible as lifelong friends. I just knew I was going to make it in Big Apple city!

Honorable mentions: Zines, zero (the number of girls who think Fletch *is funny)*

LESLEY ARFIN AND AMY KELLNER

The Diggers Society

T-shirt #2 by Foreign Family

The Diggers Society is **Digital Gravel**'s t-shirt of the month club featuring exclusive designs from streetwear's premium independent brands. These designs will only ever be available to members of The Diggers Society. To join, please log on to http://www.digitalgravel.com . Can you dig it?

AS SEEN ON DG

Ready to get some credit in the straight world.

This is me pre-normalizing (I dressed up all punk to wait tables).

This is what normal girls wear.

At the spa.

My little sister—100 percent normal (and loving it).

Dressed up normal for a holiday dinner.

A GIRL'S LIFE

I Turned Normal for a Week

Vice recently asked me to become a normal girl for a week and document it. I guess a big reason they asked me to do it is because I take a lot of self-portraits and I can come across as a pretty disgusting person. I have a horrible sense of style, and though it may be kind of funny, I think the pictures are probably of interest because I basically look gross and weird.

So to start off, I had to decide what a normal girl is. I pictured the kind of chick who works a boring job during the day, is kind of quiet and opinionless, spends several hours getting ready to go out even though she looks virtually the same when she's done, is fit and image-conscious, and when the weekend rolls around she's a party girl wearing Bebe clothes who gets totally wasted with her girlfriends. That's what first popped into my head and I ran with it.

Just so you understand where I'm coming from, here's me. I live in Kansas City, Missouri. And no, it's not a cornfield town where we don't know what email or sushi is. It's just a plain old small-ish city. We still know where to go to dance to shitty Top 40 rap, we know what a martini is, we have bars with happy hours, and we have country clubs. So I was basically all set to be normal. YES!

I guess you should also know about my actual life, too. My friends and I throw what I think are amazing parties with weird themes and we dress up a lot and do tons of weird stuff to entertain ourselves. Like we might all dress up really goth to crash a gross punk/ska night at a college bar or we might all decide to just walk the streets as zombies for fun or I might decide to be really punk while waiting tables or we may all decide to be Karen O at the local hillbilly karaoke dive or we might walk around town like we're in a band and I'm the nasty lead singer in a nudie suit and spandex eating pizza or we might crash some bitch's wedding-reception party dressed like a fucking fancy fish. Whatever!!

Now this may sound hugely awesome, but the downside to not caring about looking good or acting cool is that you never meet anyone new to impress! I think that the "normal" in me was kind of in to the idea of acting like I was in a new city or acting like the girls who go out all the time acting like they don't already know everybody they see at the same bars every week.

When I need an accomplice, I always call my lovely friend Chloe. She was more than willing to dust off her oatmeal-colored hand-knit floor-length sweater-jacket and facial bronzer for the occasion, and this way she could snap some pics of me while I tried to "work it."

I started off by getting everything I needed to really immerse myself in this new persona. I took diet pills twice daily, I spent several hours fixing my hair and doing my makeup, I did my at-home aerobics-tape workouts, I whitened my teeth with those strip things, and I filed, plucked, tweezed, polished, smoothed, coated, lathered, lotioned, de-frizzed, and de-tangled. Though I'm not so used to getting up three and a half hours early to get ready to step outside, I will say that the diet pills gave me a massive energy boost, all while completely diminishing my hunger. I even lost seven pounds in one week! Woo-hoo!

So are you ready for my week of being normal? Here we go!

Day One

I woke up, spent two hours getting prepped, and jetted off to Country Club Plaza to shop at all the fancy places with "sales associates" who wait outside the dressing room for you and try to comment overdramatically about how great everything looks (even though I could feel their eyes rolling when I walked in like, "Does she really think our stuff will fit her?").

I got "bangs" because they are "in" but they consisted of three uneven wisps that just looked like an accident.

As far as the crazy, obviously-working-on-commission attitude goes, I don't know if it's the non-normal part of me or the midwestern part of me, but I can't stand it when they follow you around like that. It made me completely nervous and grossed out about everything I was trying on. Are normal girls cool with it? I figured yes, so I acted like I loved it while trying on ugly dresses that cost more than my rent. I also had to look for some seriously boring day-to-day attire—something in shades of cream and beige and fawn and mushroom and taupe so I could blend in. See me over there on the other page? You can't even find me, can you?

Next I headed to Bijin Salon in the suburbs. I was really nervous about having to make gross conversation about split ends or how it's cute that I'm a photographer. But as I arrived, the soothing scents, trippy art, and dim lighting calmed my nerves. I was in to it. I got my hair "layered." They told me it would make my face look thinner and my neck longer. I also got "bangs" because they are "in" but they consisted of three uneven wisps that just looked like an accident, even though I told the stylist I liked it. (I was being served free wine, after all.)

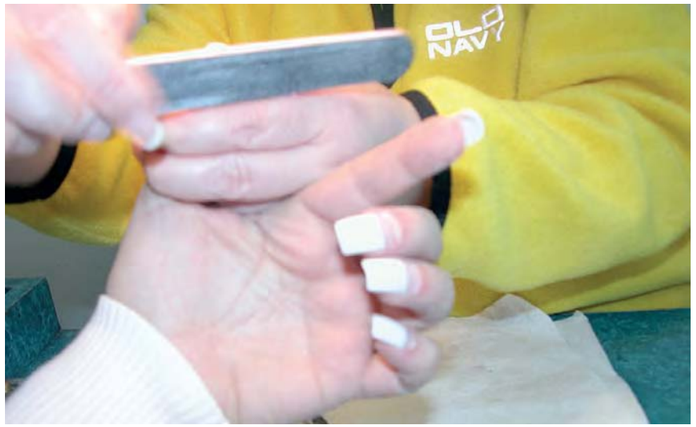
Then I entered a long, dark hallway with "Sssh" signs everywhere, which was where the pedicures and massages take place. Even though the pedicure lady's voice sounded sweet when she was hovering over my toes, I swear every time I looked up from my *In Style* magazine and caught a glimpse, I was being given the snake eyes.

Next up was my eyebrow-grooming session. I had never plucked my

I even brought cookies to the dinner.

I had a mini panic attack in the room at the tanning place.

The heart glasses were a bit of flair that walked the edge between normal and quirky.



Manicure. Torture.

I got our waiter to feed me.

Gym time!

eyebrows before, but I'd always been interested. The general consensus has been that I have full, nice brows. I was happy with that, but since the opportunity came around, I said, "What the hay!" (I should also tell you I'm originally from Wisconsin.)

So I got it done, even though the eyebrow-technician lady was into my eyebrows and nearly refused to wax them. But she did, and they did look better.

I started to realize at this point that I'd been unconsciously basing my look on my little sister, who is my closest connection to "normal." She lives in Milwaukee and does office jobs and bartends at night. Whenever I visit home for Christmas everyone thinks she's older, but really I'm four years her senior. And I don't take it as a compliment. I know I only look younger because chubby short girls remind people of babies. Oh well.

Day Two

Today was a holiday, and I got ready in the morning to dress appropriately normal to visit the home of my friends' family. I tried on several outfits and spent time drying my hair in curls to give it a "wave." This did nothing but I acted like it did. Then I headed off for Thanksgiving dinner.

I entered the sparse, clean home and was incredibly kind and cordial and polite. I even asked to say grace before the meal just to really fuck with them. (I don't think you have to say grace when you're eating off of plastic plates, do you?) I hung out mostly with the host's four-year-old daughter, which I think probably made me seem really creepy. We dressed Polly Pockets for over two hours. Have you ever done that? It's really fun. We "giggled" and I took lots of pictures of her making funny faces.

I got the most awesome dudes—the chubby ones with soul patches, vertical striped button-up shirts, and spiky gelled hair.

Day Three

I woke up with the realization that what was keeping me from really being normal was a hot set of fake nails and a glowing tan! Duh! I hopped off to the local nail salon, where a quiet Vietnamese woman took the chewed-up ends of my fingers and turned them into beautiful French-manicured lady nails. She sanded and polished and suddenly I was a new woman. A new woman who no longer had the ability to type, zip up her pants, put her hair in a ponytail, pick things up, or wipe her ass with ease. Oh well. Look at how pretty they are!

Next up was a spray-on tan! I kind of thought I would have to stand in a room naked while a tiny blond woman hosed me down with brown spray. Nope. Instead, I just popped into a very doctor's-office-looking room wearing only booties and a shower cap. They give you a little red tube to breath through, then you get in this metal shower-looking contraption, press a button, close your eyes, and spin around while a disgusting, toxic-smelling sugar-syrup chemical gushes all over you. My experience was especially awkward because I couldn't get it to work twice in a row, so I had to stomp out in the white robe they gave me into the lobby full of young girls waiting for the room to become available and admit that I couldn't make it work. Twice.

Anyway, the actual process only took a minute, and a few hours later it was a pretty natural-looking tan, not the bright orange tint I assumed I would get.

That night I decided it was a really appropriate time for some sporty action. I asked an acquaintance if I could hit the Jewish country club with her and scope out the racquetball courts. I told her to take some photos of me for my MySpace and match.com profiles looking "sexy" and "full of life." I must say it's been a while, but I love racquetball! After the game, we went to the hot tub and scoped "hotties" (actually there were mostly senior citizens there, the only hotties were the towel guy and the bartender). We also sneered as hard as we could at the 17-year-old girls wearing sunglasses at the bar, spending Mom's credit cards on virgin pina coladas and Shirley Temples. Oh, and we hit the sauna and steam room to clear our pores. Normal girls have clear pores.

For dinner we went to the Cheesecake Factory, a popular tourist restaurant with really gross decor and a ten-mile menu of food from all over the world. But it's all so Americanized that even a spring roll can somehow taste like a hamburger. I attempted to flirt with our waiter by having my friend tell him she was a photographer and wanted to take a picture of him feeding me. (Gross me out!!)

Day Four

Again, woke up early to exercise, shower, and do myself up. Then I spent two hours with a friend working out. It was hardcore gym day, gearing up for a weekend of partying. I worked my butt off (literally!) and tried to fit in while I was doing it. It was rough, but this is what normal girls do: Sweat and strain until they puke.

Later on I hung out at a friend's parents' house and we all watched *Oprah*. I had to get home soon though for my first experiment with clubbing. My normal-girl research taught me that the biggest part of clubbing is doing your makeup and hair in preparation.

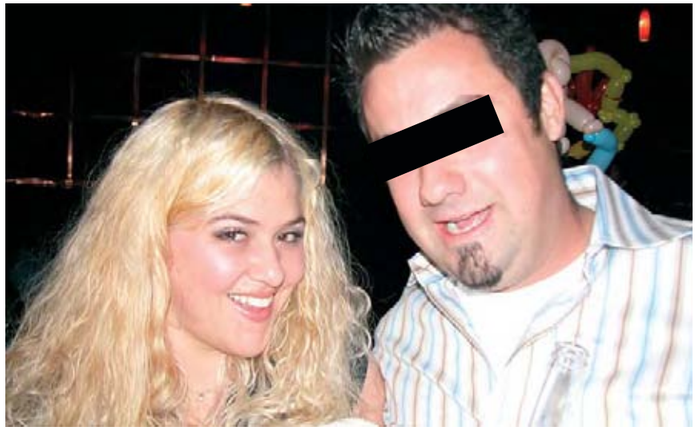
I'm lucky enough to have a friend who had just quit his job at MAC cosmetics, and he was willing to help me on the quest for normal beauty.

I figured an hour of tips would suffice, but five hours later I had received 12—TWELVE—pages of handwritten notes and tips, hands-on lessons, a mini-makeover for my night out, and new knowledge on the glorious techniques of waving, curling, straightening, and styling. I learned all kinds of outlandish shit. Do you know how many "areas" there are on an eyelid?! OMG!

Afterward, I tried on about 20 atrocious outfits and came up with a boring one once I finally realized that the true art to the "outfit" is the accessories! I know I still look like shit, but at least I look like different shit than before, right?

We cruised to a bar called KARMA—the grossest name ever. The DJ had a Misfits haircut and a Misfits t-shirt and was playing 90s hip-hop. Party time!

My "normal" friend and I sat down and after five minutes it started: "I've never seen you ladies here before." I got the most awesome dudes—the chubby ones with soul patches, vertical striped button-up shirts, and spiky gelled hair. Seriously. They flocked to me. And they all work in "landscaping" and "their work bought them a truck." I wouldn't usually be such a bitch about it but this one guy was a serious turd. He literally spent two and a half hours talking to me. I was being nice and normal, answering questions thoughtfully, and trying to make the conversation engaging (this was an experiment, after all). I never got all wasted-face on



Here I am with one of my many suitors.

This being Kansas City, the gym was like a morgue.

This was our hitting-the-clubs normal gear.

I temped for one whole day.

My date wouldn't quit mugging for the camera. Is this what normal boys do?

Normal girls get hit on basically non-stop. It's like being buzzed by mosquitos.

him. I never made it "obvious I was going home with him." But the second they were kicking us out of the bar, the mood totally changed. This evil, fast-paced desperation kicked in and suddenly all the guys were saying, over and over, "You can come over, we can have some beers, just talk and hang out." And it was being said like a million miles an hour while they were scanning the other girls who were lingering outside the front door. Finally, I said, point-blank, "You know, I really, really can't tonight, but if you want to give me your number I can call you." And he bolted! He was willing to fuck me but not even give me his phone number! I was so seriously grossed out by this. I mean, my friend and I laughed about it, but I was perturbed. Is that really how normal people do it?

Day Five

After the daily morning routine, which was like second nature by this point, I went and did a bit more shopping at the mall for an outfit for my big date. Yes, it's true! I scored a rendezvous through my recently acquired match.com profile! He cyber-winked at me, we exchanged awkward convo, and it was on! The date is the night after tomorrow and I am hella pumped. His username is musicman1063, mine's 00mistletoe00, and he seems like the real thing! Oooooh, yeah! He's never been married, he's not sure if he wants kids, he's a cigar aficionado, he's spiritual but not religious, and his profile says: "I stay busy, can you keep up? I also like time alone so I need someone that is secure and independent. No cling-ons. I love to do things outdoors—camping, Frisbee, discgolf, and above all, skydiving. Although I don't possess a great deal of artistic ability, I have a deep appreciation, and passion for all forms of art—music, poetry, literature, comedy, theater, sculpture, architecture, paintings, and body art. I am a very happy person that just basically loves life. I'm excited about all the experiences that life has to offer, and can't wait for the next new lesson. I learned early that life was too short to waste it being negative. There's so much to do, and so much to be excited about. I'd like to have someone to share it with." Yes! I'm so excited! He also says he thinks life should be set to music, which we all know is a total turn-on. We're going to a bar called Martini Corner! I can't wait.

Later, we skipped out (after I made an attempt at the Gwen Stefani hairdo) to go gallery hopping. I would tell you more, but really it was gallery after gallery of crap, and they were all out of free booze! It was also crazy icy and my normal-girl high-heeled boots, which were very unfamiliar to me, were not helping.

Day Six

Today I temped at an office job and I shelved books and updated bibliographies and ran errands. A normal friend who has had lots of jobs like this advised me on how to behave: Like a total make-no-waves bootlicker. So I got everyone pizza for lunch and was very, "Hey guys, I've got pizza, pizza, pizza!" I kept a huge smile on my face and kissed ass and gave lots of compliments and made shitty conversation and did a lot of rolling my eyes when I was hovering over my computer. I actually didn't think it would be bad at all, but there were a lot of bitter, single 40-year-old women who were total bitches and wouldn't even look me in the eye when they talked to me. Would that be my future if I stayed normal? The ones who did talk went on and on about stuff like hairstyles, breeds of dogs, Pilates, and the death of the Atkins diet. I liked them.

After work, we all went out to happy hour. We all drank Cape Cods and picked at "feta plates." We got some appraising looks from guys and my coworker Kelly scored a number.

A note: I'm definitely a drinker, but never before 9 PM. These normal people start early! Is that because they have to be at the office at 9 AM every morning? I don't understand how you can drink a bunch of vodka at 4:30 PM every day and then go home and get shit done. But whatevs!

Getting hit on at a normal club feels the same way it does when homeless men shout things at you outside a gas station. Not so hot.

Day Seven (Finish Line!)

Is this really going to end? I don't know whether that's good or not. Being normal is kind of making me get my shit together and all my friends that saw me in character preferred my new look!

So tonight's my big date, and my buddy Chloe is prepared to go clubbing with me afterward if I decide to keep it short. Go Chloe! I got Michael coming over to super-straighten my hair and do my makeup. Michael was happy to do Chloe's nasty makeup, too.

My date showed up and it was an awkward start. We headed off to Martini Corner for drinks and dinner. I had my camera and told him it was my hobby—that I love to photograph nature and children. He thought it was cool, and the ice was broken by him asking me to take pictures of him "being a goofball." He wanted me to take so many pictures of him being "zany" (seriously, I took like 40) that I started to get uncomfortable and told him the battery was almost dead. We talked about our jobs and about what we do for fun. We talked about house music, weed, my hair, skydiving, vampires… the usual! I lied about every single thing I told him. Actually, I think I found my new talent—I'm practically an expert improv comedian at this point. But overall it was kind of a dead date. It was hard for me to even find it funny. He was really nice, just boring and weird, and I got the feeling he probably lived with his parents or something.

When midnight came, I told him that I had to get up early. But I LIED!! WOO HOO! I really went and met my girl Chloe to do some clubbing!

To get some quick tips, I talked to other girls and told them I had just gotten out of a four-year relationship and had forgotten how to flirt. They told me that they judge dudes by their shoes and they flirt with them all night so all their friends can get free drinks. Lame! I felt like I was watching an after-school special.

I danced a lot, and Chloe and I got hit on by some real winners. I got pretty wasted and had lots of the exact same conversation over and over. I think normal girls might have to go on autopilot when they go out clubbing. All in all, getting hit on at a normal club feels the same way it does when homeless men shout things at you outside a gas station. Not so hot.

I went home after last call, warmed by the knowledge that when the sun rose, I would be weird again.

But overall being normal wasn't that hard, I guess. I had fun, but probably because it was temporary. I guess the main thing I learned is that I need to keep my new look because I keep being told I'm better now—even by my friends who purposely look like shit because it's "in" or whatever. I must say, I enjoy being a girl—normal or not!

JAIMIE WARREN

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ALAÏA

(l-r): UNIQLO dress; Christian Lacroix shorts

PHOTOS: Richard Kern STYLING: Annette Lamothe-Ramos HAIR AND MAKEUP: Jenae Wilkens
MODELS: Nicole La Liberte courtesy of Click Models, Alex Kazmierski courtesy of Fusion Models
MAKEUP: L'oreal Paris voluminous mascara, Maybelline Dream Mousse blush, Revlon wet/dry eyeliner, Maybelline Cool Effect cooling shadow, Revlon Color Stay

J. Lindeberg shirt, American Apparel panties

(l-r): Ralph Lauren shirt, J. Lindeberg pants, Alex + Chloe necklace, Costume National shoes; Alice Roi dress, Luella Bartley shoes

(l-r): Original Penguin dress; H&M shirt

(l-r): H&M coat, Christian Lacroix jeans, Bruno Frisoni shoes; H&M jacket, Luella Bartley pants and shoes

(l-r): UNIQLO shirt, Alice Roi shorts; H&M sweater, American Apparel skirt

(l-r): H&M sweater, Citizens of Humanity pants; H&M vest, J. Lindeberg skirt

(l-r): Kiki de Montparnasse panties; Kiki de Montparnasse bra, H&M panties

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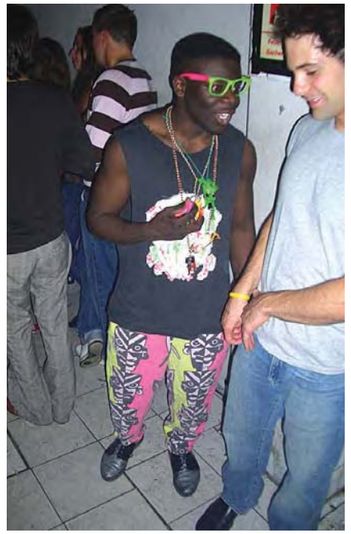
It's amazing that all these girls spent hours and hours primping and preening because they wanted to be pretty just for you guys. It kind of makes you feel like an African dictator or something but without the eating your enemies' genitals and cutting pregnant women in half.

When you're really wasted and you've been puking and you have hot carrots up your nose and you're wondering where the fuck your girlfriend is, her and her friends dressed in white is such a fortunate, shining beacon of light you worry for a sec that maybe you're dying. What I'm trying to say is, drunks like it when you wear white.



If this guy sang for a hardcore band and they sounded like Born Against you'd be intimidated by your eyeballs because they saw him and you didn't.

RDGs (Really Drunk Girls) are so fun they make the night a night people refer to with a particular name forever, like, they go, "That was back in the early 2000s, around 'Stole the Speakers' night."

This is like when you see a movie like *Adaptation* and you go, "Oh, someone is doing something better than I could do. Nothing about this annoys me nor do I want to change anything about it."

This would have been OK if it was Halloween and she was going as a painting of her that a baby did.

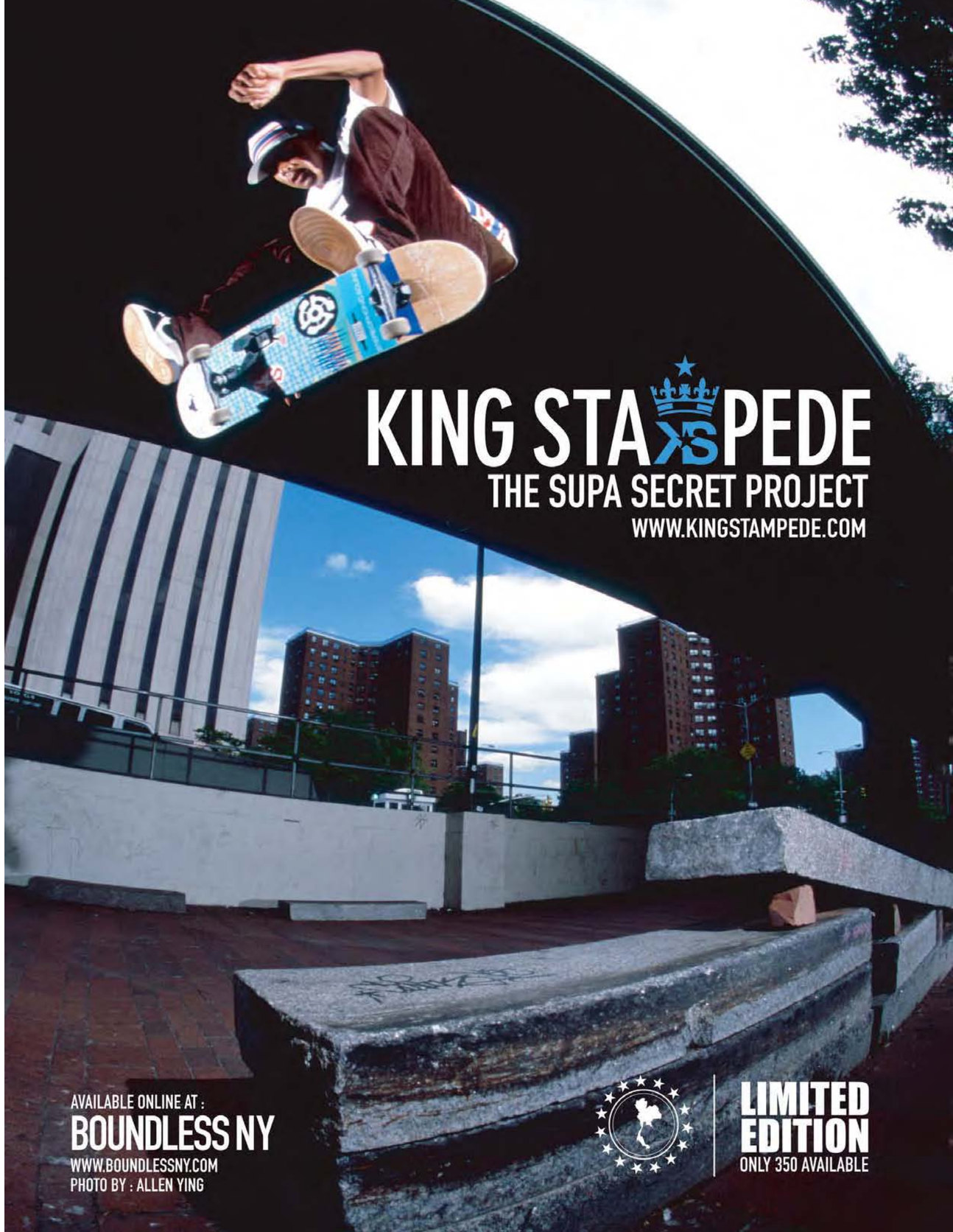
Nerds: They ruined long hair, animation, and now S&M. Is there anything those Shit Midases don't destroy?

There's a hot new dance in the Dominican Republic called the Owl. The moves vary but you always have to have golf balls for eyes and be grinding your jaw.

The greatest thing goth and punk ever did was allow ugly girls to pile tons of shit on their face and then cover it over with bangs.

It's hard to explain slang to Japanese people unless it's the word "dweeb" and this guy pulls right up to you and goes, "You mean me?"

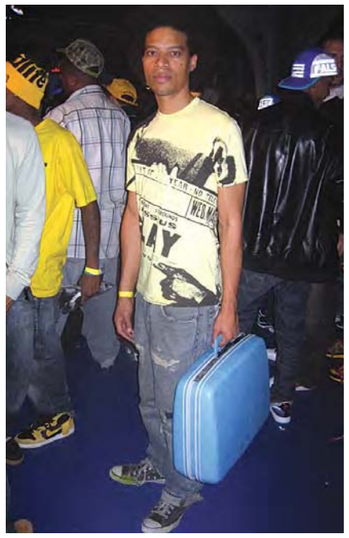
Dude is really fucking proud of the fact that his dick looks like the dicks people draw on bathroom walls.



We know you want to just fucking grab her and run but the polite thing to do is wait until she's done paying, casually follow her outside, then calmly grab her by the arm and explain you'd like your three wishes now.

She's like Sleater-Kinney but cute and not skinny, a red-lipped ninny with a heart of gold (repeat 45 times, then do harmonies with friends).
PS: I'm stoned out of my fucking mind right now.

What if you're sitting there all bored and your friend whips his head back and then comes forward again instantly dressed as El Duce? You'd marry him, right? We did.



It went from fanny packs to backpacks to DJ bags and now we're ready to take this shit to a(whole)nutha level.

Go ahead and laugh at Supergayman and his sidekick Fag Hag but they're the ones living life to the fullest while you sit around worrying if you have enough time to get a muffin.

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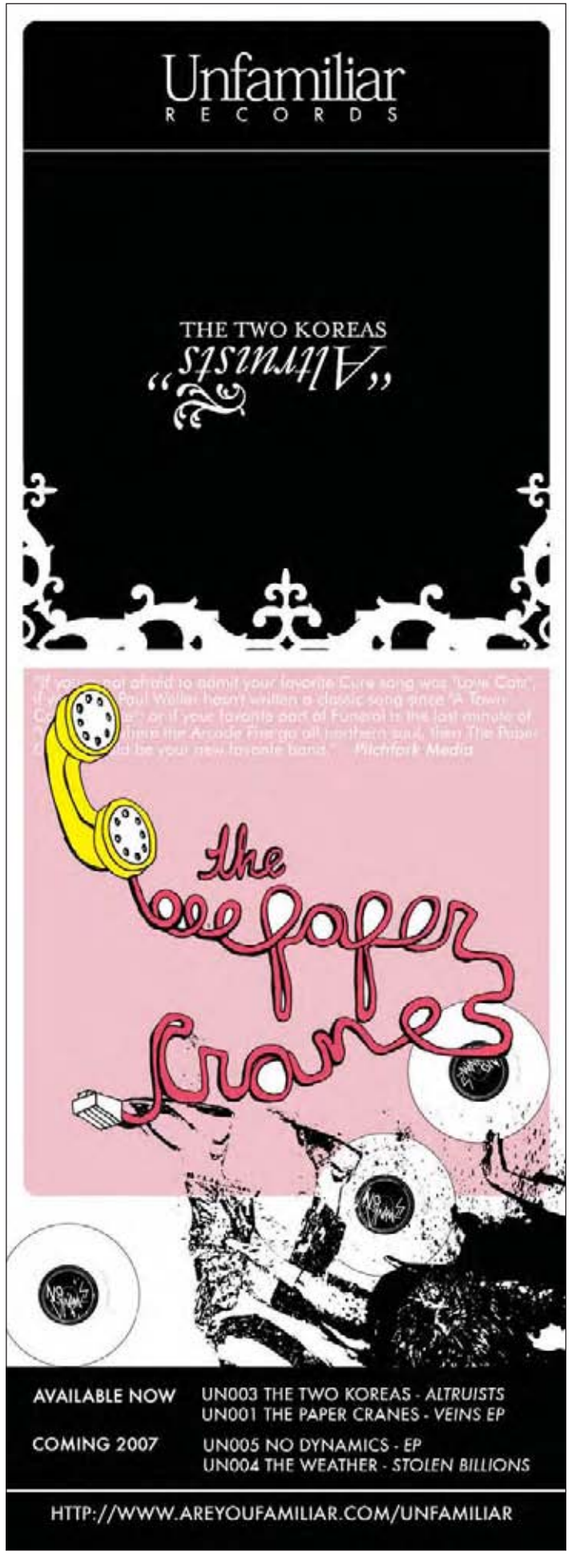
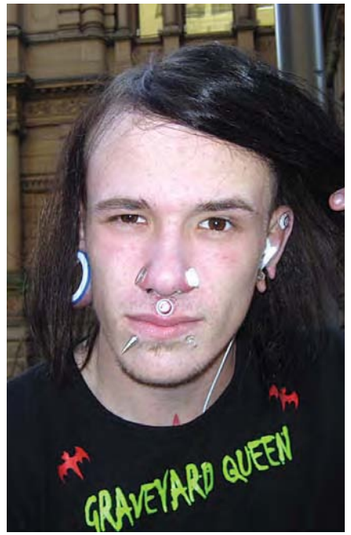




This kid thinks he looks cool but he's ruining his future—and not just with cocaine. Heroin, meth, speed—there's a million drugs that are snorted and he won't be able to do any of them, ever.

This is when college students are so drunk they see homeless dudes as wise old sages and they share booze with him and ask him about life and he goes, "I'm a lacaholic."

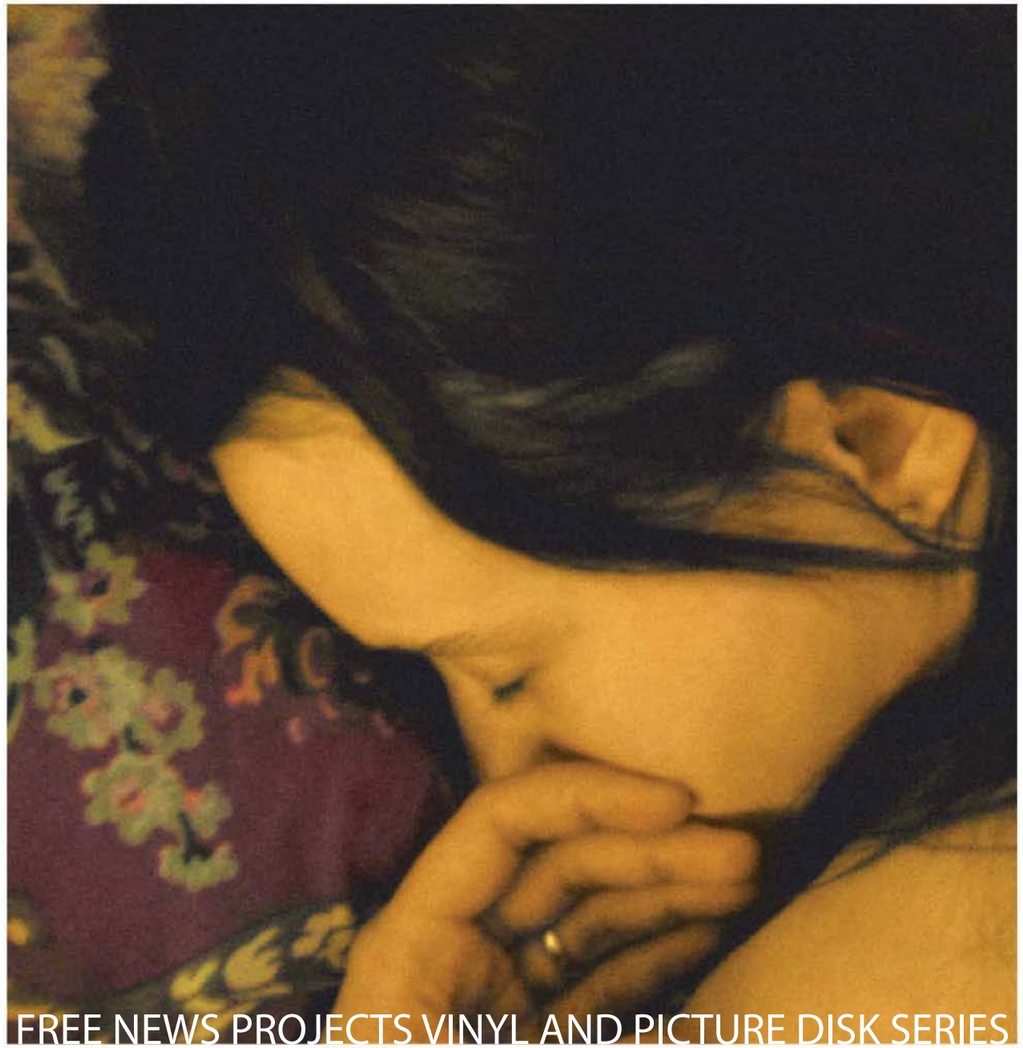
Ever notice how women with plastic surgery look incredibly embarrassed, like you just called them out on a big lie? Well, unless you have the worst eyesight in the world, you just did.

Yes it is true that if you go to the big-and-tall section of the Childrenswear Dept you can get clothes for cheap, but it is also true that you will look like a gay tween that fell asleep for 40 years.

If you don't have old guys in the scene where you live then just put streetwear on your scrotum and make it talk to girls for way too long.

What kind of spinster cacophony is this? You can almost hear the shrill pining for punk past over the drone of a million record-label PR shopping sprees.

FAVOURITE SONS



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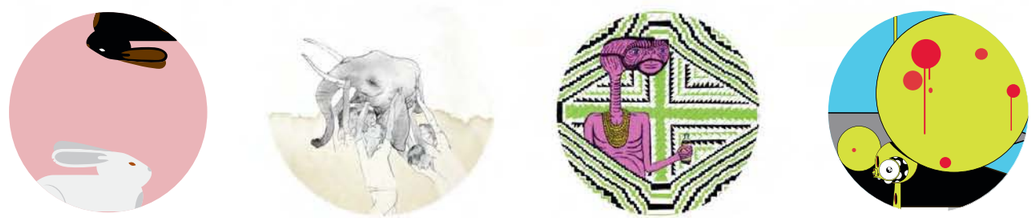

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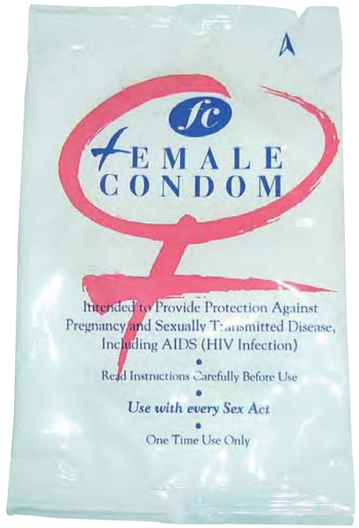


FUCK A CONDOM. I HATE CONDOMS. Always have. I have an allergic reaction to them: The mere sight of them makes me go limp. I think if I cut two of my fingers off with a circular saw I could still count on both hands the number of times I've worn a condom in my entire life. As I've mentioned in the past I think using condoms is cheating. If you're going to live life, live it to the hilt. Condoms are like friendly poker games where pretzels or pennies are substituted for real money. Fuck that. Sit at the high-stakes table. When you win it'll be a high like no drug can offer and when you lose it'll hurt so bad you'll never want to lose again. Same with humping. Don't "practice" safe sex. Allen Iverson said it best, "We're talking about *practice*. Come on. It's just *practice*." No. Go out and EXECUTE wreckless, lawless, unprotected acts of carnal deviance, and when you spray your muck all over her or him take a deep breath and hold it in. Hold it for a week or two, then take your pants off and take a look at your junk. No pus? No boils? No rashes or bumps? Exhale. You're a fucking winner. Doesn't it feel good?

But if you're a pussy and feel more at ease wrapping your dick up in a cute little latex blankie then I suppose you should at least be informed of your options. The guys at the office sent me nearly 20 varieties of condoms on a Wednesday and asked me to review them by Friday. It's like they were trying to kill me. I haven't had that much sex in a 48-hour period since I was 19 and had no job. Don't they know that I've been married for seven long months? Sex isn't the same as it is when you first get married. Those first months are like two rapists covered in K-Y Jelly locked in a jail cell with no food or water. As time passes the humping gets less and less frequent, and as fall turns to winter it becomes almost nonexistent. If I came anywhere close to using all the condoms they sent in two days I was bound to have a heart attack, so I just chose a few that seemed the most interesting.

RATING SYSTEM

1 finger: Not very stimulating.

2 fingers: I carry a pen bigger than two fingers.

3 fingers: This is what she likes, but what are we gonna do with that thumb and pinkie?

4 fingers: Shit, we made it this far, what's one more? Right?

The Fist: Top-notch fun. A really noticeable difference from the others.

FC Female Condom

The acronym FC isn't bad, but to call it FC Female Condom is a bit redundant. My wife refused to use the female condom. I couldn't even figure out how it worked.
Score: 1 finger

Kiss Kondoms

The only good thing about Kiss was their makeup but sadly these don't have Gene Simmons's face at the base, nor do they make your penis red like his crazy-long tongue. Nope. They're just plain, boring, clear condoms. The one I got was Paul Stanley's "Studded Paul." Wasn't Paul Stanley the gay one? Does using a gay man's condom automatically make me gay?
Score: 2 fingers

Durex pleasuremax tingling

Remember that *Curb Your Enthusiasm* episode where Larry David put the condom on inside out and completely numbed himself? Yeah, it seems pretty funny until it happens to you.
Score: 2 fingers

Rough Rider Hot Passion

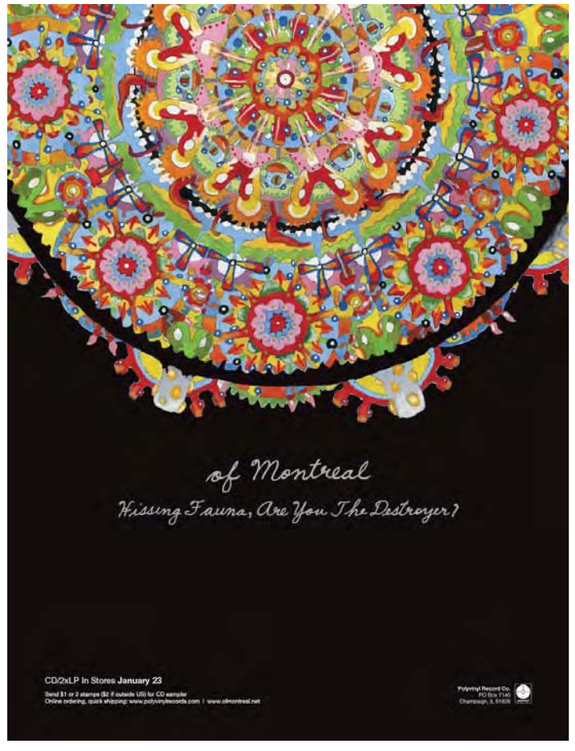
I chose this one because the box has a comic-book-style drawing of a girl on a motorcycle (Get it? Rough Rider?) and I like comic books and I figured maybe it would give me superpowers in the bedroom. It did not. It did seem to warm my wife's innards, although I don't think it made her hot. Maybe it was trying to make her hot and I was negating its effects by lying on my back with a pen and notebook repeating, "Are you hot? No? OK. How about now? Are you hot now? No? OK. OK. OK. How about now? Hot?"
Score: 4 fingers

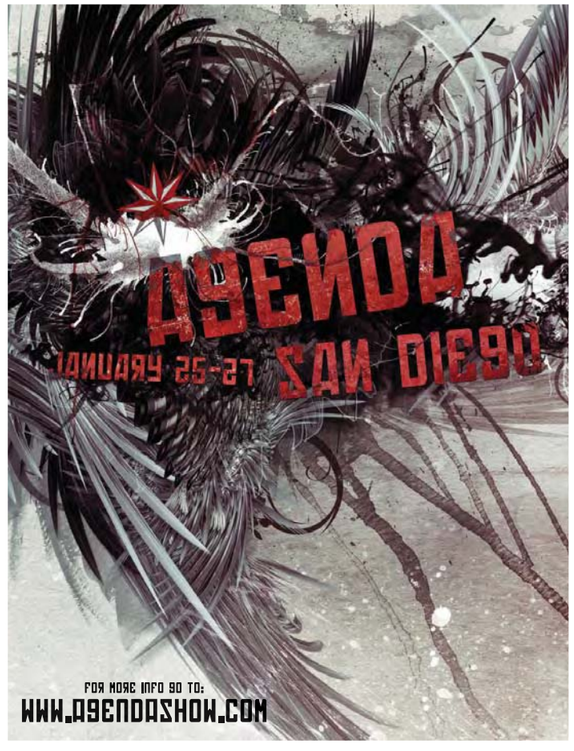
pleasure plus

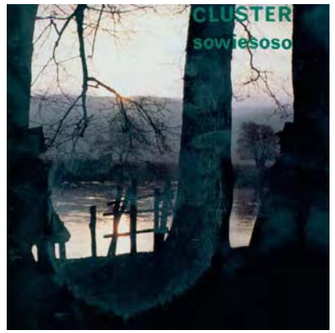
I suppose if I had to make one condom the official condom of the Williamsburg rockabilly scene or the Harlem jazz movement it would be this one. I'm not sure if you can see the picture on the box but the damn thing looks like an old Shure microphone from the 50s, which isn't exactly erotic or sex-inducing, but it does make for a good time when your girl has had too much sangria and uses your wrapped penis to pretend she's Billie Holiday.
Score: The Fist

CHRIS NIERATKO

For more Chris go to Chrisnieratko.com or Njskateshop.com.







BEST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: CLUSTER

RAP

JIM JONES
Dipset Christmas
Diplomats/Koch

I couldn't even believe this was for real, but it is. Not since "Trapped in the Closet" has a record worked on so many levels, so brilliantly. The titles say it all: "Dipset Xmas Theme," "Have a Happy Xmas," "If Everyday Was Xmas," the mandatory "Ballin' on Xmas," and "We Get Money"—maybe that one's more of a Hanukkah thing. For real, this is the gift that keeps on giving.
MACHO

SNOOP DOGG
The Blue Carpet Treatment
Geffen

This came out a minute ago, but I just got the title now. Everybody's saying it's the best Snoop record in years but frankly I can't really tell them shits apart anymore. That "Vato" track is cool though.
BLACC PACC

PITBULL
El Mariel
TVT

As a rapper Pitbull is kind of corny, but he's always got the best beats, man. While all these other cats are out there selling snow, dude's making strictly party records. His whole career is like one long AV8 joint. Come to think of it, he really is the new 2 Live Crew. All his shit is like 120 bpm and up. Did you hear that song where he samples the B-52's? That's at like 168, yo. I also enjoy the fact that when dead prez and them were all bigging up Cuba, Pitbull was like "Yo, I'm from there. Fuck Castro. Let's swim across the pond and become venture capitalists."
SMUTTY RUFF

YOUNG JEEZY
The Inspiration
Def Jam

I'll tell you right now: This isn't as good as Jeezy's first album. That album was classic. We should've given it a classic review. Five mics. You can bump that first Jeezy album from beginning to end and just zone out. You know what's another great one, come to think of it? Young Buck's first album. Have you relistened to "Bang Bang" lately? Unfuckingbelievable. Anyway. *The Inspiration* is cool, but Snowman didn't change his style up one bit. I mean, not even a new ad-lib.
YOUNG NIZZLE

DIDDY
Press Play
Bad Boy

Somebody at the office reviewed this a couple of months ago and said it was shit. That's why you haven't heard it. But in fact it's a very good album. Very festive, perfect for the holidays. It's also kind of the most innovative hip-hop album of the year, actually. And you really need to get that one track that didn't make the final cut: "Get Off." It's Puff Daddy imitating James Brown over what sounds like a vintage House of Pain beat. And it goes on for five minutes. No verses, nothing. Just one long James Brown imitation. When I first heard it I was like this is either the most retarded song ever made or it's genius. And upon serious reflection, I've decreed it's the latter.
BUSTA NUT

ELECTRONIC

LILY ALLEN
Alright Still
Capitol

Sorry girls, but female singer-songwriter solo artists that are woth pissing on when they're on fire are few and far between. Stevie Nicks is in her 60s and she's still miles and miles and miles ahead of them all. Then just when you realise you've spent eight hours trawling through the lyric interpretations on buckinghamnicks.net, this girl pops up out of nowhere—well, with the help of her actor dad, Keith from *Trainspotting*—and knocks out a really sweet pop album that blows all the fey, pretentious, fake riot grrls out of the water. Wow, and it's from Britain.
CHARLIE CHUCKLES

YOKO ONO
Yes, I'm A Witch
Astralwerks

This CD exists to serve two vital purposes: To show us why certain artists should not try music as an alternative discipline, and to show that remix records always make matters worse no matter what scratching and noodling crap gets contributed. It's a bummer even trying to rip on this.
RON RENNON

TRANS AM
Sex Change
Thrill Jockey

Try as they might, nobody is ever going to come close to topping the 70s version of the future. Thirty years from now, I bet some cyberteen will still be queuing these guys up in his cochlear iPod and daydreaming of those gay *Logan's Run* jumpsuits.
HUEY MUMPLESTEIN

HARD STUFF

THE PSYCHIC PARAMOUNT
Origins and Primitives vol. 1 + 2
No Quarter

A lot of the stuff that ends up lumped together under the whole Acid

WORST ALBUM OF THE MONTH: THE SHINS

Mother's Temple "freak-out" umbrella seems like it's just a bunch of dudes humping around the stage in whatever zany crap they could find before the show, trying to make whatever weird noises they can come up with at the same time to mess with your head. The thing with these guys, though, is there are only two of them and they actually do make some really weird noises that genuinely *do* mess with your head—like little echoing barn-burners of riffs that needle down into your brain and start rattling around, crossing all the synapses so that when you try to say "How are they doing this, just with delay?" it comes out "Sgurmf… Green is always!"
LEROY GUMPTION

TIGERS AND MONKEYS
Loose Mouth
Little Lamb Recordings

The lead singer of this band is a lawyer, a comedienne in an all-girl comedy troupe, and a raspy-voiced spitfire who writes a mean tune and sings like the dickens. What CAN'T she do? How about make me not listen to this awesome album over and over again and be totally psyched? Hey, I answered my own question.
MEG SNEED

CLOUDS
Legendary Demo
Hydrahead

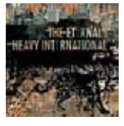
If I were feeling a little more curmudgeonly, I might rail on these kids for such blatant Sabbathism and storm aimlessly up and down the stairs a couple times grumbling through my dentures about kids coming up with their own ideas and not just leeching off the TV version of youth. But, you know, it's pretty pleasant out today, and the azaleas are coming in much fuller than last year, and honestly you can't have too much of this stuff when it's done right. Here, take these Frisbees I've been holding on to back while I'm still in this mood.
OLD MAN CARRUTHERS

PIEBALD
Accidental Gentlemen
SideOneDummy

I was as into that "Hey, we're part of it" tune as much as the next guy, but this is boring. It almost sounds like they got old, some moved to L.A., and they do fruity stuff like run their van on vegetable oil.
OH HENRY

DEERHOOF
Friend Opportunity
Kill Rock Stars

I can't tell if this is racist of them or me, but there's no way this shit would fly without what's-her-face whoring out her cute Jap-ness up in front. Whoa, light bulb! If she made a tape of random weirdo noises you could dub onto existing music we could make the entirety of Mike Patton's career listenable. This could be a great day for man.
A. KLANSMAN



THE ETERNALS
Heavy International
Aesthetics

I am certain that people like Perry Farrell, homeless black Gene, and my Aunt Darla all think this band is funky. If that sounds like a cross-section of folks whom you share similar opinions with, get into it.
MARY LOUISE BUTTERS

CLINIC
Visitations
Domino

Being marginally into this record has me questioning myself more than that time I gave a dude a handjob in the locker room and then let his dad tea-bag me in that rented hotel room in the Castro while we listened to Kylie Minogue. I am reeling right now.
ROBERT PARISH

SONIC YOUTH
Destroyed Room
Geffen

They've been threatening to do it for years, but finally they got all ornery and old on us and went and done did it: Sonic Youth have finally recorded the score for Sofia Coppola's IMAX documentary about astronaut fashion. Ladies: When a guy puts this largely instrumental disc on the old hi-fi and it's just you two hanging out, that's your cue to start with the out-making.
YORICK TRULY

SOFT STUFF

FLYING CANYON
s/t
Soft Abuse

I seriously have a hard time buying the idea that fuzzing out the bass on two tracks of these inept, "Redemption Song"-sounding moanabouts somehow constitutes "Doom Folk." If I put a little ceramic skull in the basket of my Rascal does that mean I've got "Maniac Cerebral Palsy"? Let's see… Nope, still just a gimp.
PAULIE ATCHERSON

OF MONTREAL
Hissing Fauns, Are You the Destroyer?
Polyvinyl

Western nerds have had it so easy for the past few years it's actually becoming a really dangerous problem. While their Iranian and North Korean counterparts are toiling away, channeling all their pent-up rage into weapons that'll scorch an entire

BEST COVER OF THE MONTH: SONIC YOUTH

continent, our guys have been given so much leeway by bullies that they're holding Nintendo dance-offs and setting up kickball leagues in public. Fucking kickball! I know it's considered a little uncouth to make outright calls for pogroms in this day and age, but I think one good *Wedgienacht* may be all that stands between us and nuclear oblivion. Do the right thing, jocks.
ADAM ARTSNSHITS

THE SHINS
Wincing the Night Away
Sub Pop

Hmmm, it may have worked in the past, but I'm feeling like the timid little nursery-rhyme vocals might not be the best match to the soaring, "We've made it to the big time, boys" bravado. That's not to say that after you've been on TV and paid off your student loans or whatever you automatically have to gruff it up and start singing about putting diamond runners on your car or how much God disapproves/approves of your life, but it might help you keep from sounding like a Jonathan Fire*Eater tribute band.
ELROY SHNUBSS

MENOMENA
Friend and Foe
Barsuk

You know when you met that crazy girl at that party, and she's totally nuts and drunk out of her mind, but she's really into you and ends up taking you home and you have crazy hate-sex on top of her mangy fake fur coat in her dumpy, cat-pee-smelling apartment to a Tori Amos/Dresden Dolls mixtape? And you end up leaving at eight in the morning, kinda embarrassed but stoked because she had a rad body and was totally up for the super-nasty? Yeah, that was cool, wasn't it? She was totally irritating, but every time you hear this record, it'll remind you of all the voices in her screwy head and you're soooo going to go straight to the bathroom and rub one out to the fond reminiscences of your awesome, wasted youth. (BTW: It's OK to jerk off to thoughts about ex-girlfriends when you're in a new relationship.)
REINHARDT B. NICKEL

JAMIE T
Panic Prevention
Virgin

If the top half of Pete Doherty had the bottom half of Plan B grafted on to it because of some medical emergency, it would end up sounding like Jamie T. He should marry Lily Allen. They'd have beautiful children together and become the new Eurythmics.
BOBBIE G

MICHAEL CASHMORE
Sleep England
Durtro Jnana

Fragile instrumentals for electric guitar and bass from the man responsible for the majority of the music and arrangement in Current 93's recent output. Sweetly melancholic and terribly beautiful, it's like being carried away on a codeine cloud while flaxen-haired angels whisper honeyed promises in your ear. Oh green and pleasant land indeed.
TONY MOLESTER

ADJAGAS
S/T
Ever

Native banjo folk from a pair of Sami tribespeople from the northernmost reaches of Norway. Downtrodden minorities! Escape your shackles by making hipster exotica! Some of it sounds like Palace Brothers if they were born in the Arctic Circle but there's a couple of tracks I guess are drinking songs where the dude sings like he's gargling frogspawn.
BASILDON BOND

A MOUNTAIN OF ONE
EP 2
Mountain Music Works

Another epic soft-rock odyssey sprawled across five tastefully cosmic songs made by a bunch of stargazers who dress like the guys from *Withnail and I*. It's so obviously "all about the music, man" with this band that it's not even funny anymore, so no jokes, thanks.
THEYDON BOIS

JULIE DOIRON
Woke Myself Up
Jagjaguawar

Lyrics like "I don't wanna be liked by you, don't wanna be liked by you" might sail the ship if you're a black-shagged, Queens-bred goon playing two-minute pop-rock songs. If you're old enough to be my mom and you're sitting alone in a room slapping around an acoustic like an autistic kid, you just sound like you have Downs.
EGGPLANT MCTACOTOE

WEIRD STUFF

FLAMING FIRE
When the High Bell Rings
Silly Bird Records

This reminds me of when New York's underground scene was still "wacky." Like remember Collective Unconscious? You'd go there and see girls in flapper dresses and striped tights and boys with green sideburns and top hats do a play about an epic battle between unicorns and pirates, you know? Where did all the kooks go? L.A.? Well, at least some of them have stuck it out in the city and they are in Flaming Fire, an awesomely kooky, theatrical band singing songs of biblical plagues and Egyptian sexual practices. Picture the Butthole Surfers, the

WORST COVER OF THE MONTH: YOKO ONO

Residents, the Manson Family, and the B-52's all running amok in a Kenneth Anger film. They just don't make 'em like this anymore. So check 'em out and if you are artistically inclined, please consider contributing to their world's-largest-illustrated-Bible project at flamingfire.com/bible.html. They have 2,849 illustrations complete and 33,816 remaining. So intrepid, these old-school New York zanies!
MEG SNEED

THE FLOWERS OF HELL
s/t
Earworm

Fragrant droning from this London "supergroup" featuring members of British Sea Power and Tindersticks. You can taste the art gallery gig already. Nice to see they've taken time out from their hectic schedules to regale us with an album of middle-class meditation Muzak.
JANIE SMODGESON

MIRA CALIX
Eyes Set Against the Sun
Warp

What with all the sinister strings, creaking hinges, dripping pipes, and that spooky children's choir popping up when you least expect, this sounds like the worst slasher movie Dario Argento never made. Scariest bit is how Mira Calix keeps getting away with this stuff.
JENNIFER JUPITER

THE RESIDENTS
Tweedles
Mute

The Residents are one of those bands that everyone is aware of but no one under the age of 35 has ever heard. I have no idea if this album is consistent with their back catalog or not and I aim to never find out. From the title right down to the shitty typography, there is much to despise: IT being a concept album featuring a menacing clown, for instance, or the brief reggae segue, the constant flitting between genres in a desperate stab at diversity, the fact that at its heart this is a smug industrial rock record in the early-90s mold made by people pushing 50. Did I mention the clown and the reggae?
MAURICE DUNHILL

CLUSTER
Sowiesoso
Water

Anything by Cluster is worth getting. Endy-story. PS: Populu Vuh too.
WERNER HAIRZZZOG

OM/CURRENT 93
Inerrant Rays of Infallible Sun
(Blackship Shrinebuilder)
Neurot

In deference to the gaps of generations past, it's really heartening to see two doomsayers from the 80s and 90s play nice and bridge the divide with some solid joint-dirging. It's the kind of thing that really fills you with hope for all our future, like maybe things won't turn out all right after all.
STASHIUS CLAY

GHOST
In Stormy Nights
Drag City

If you've got the patience, there's actually two to three minutes of solid, tribally sort of psych-jamming that's pretty enjoyable buried in this album's endless stretches of stultifying, tedious, mind-melting pseudo-60s-avant-garde horseshit. But after all, that's what being into music is all about, right? Enduring hours and hours of garbage.
CLEYDON BOISS

SOILED MATTRESS AND THE SPRINGS
Springtime!
Teardrops

Chuck Mangione and Henry Mancini have, until now, been unmined inspiration-fodder for young avant-garde types. Soiled Mattress and the Springs change all that, leading the charge into the dominant young free-jazz turmoil with actual: Songs! Hooks! Chops! Mood! This is swinging, good-times, exuberant jazz coming from an unexpected corner, which makes it all the better. Quite good.
JAY PETERSSEN

KTL
KTL
Editions Mego

This is a six-track droned-out black hole from Stephen O'Malley of SunnO))) and an electronics nerd named Peter Rehberg. You know what? Enough of this stuff. The drone-metal thing was to 2006 what the fake freak-folk shit was to 2005 and we want to be the first ones to say this: Uncle. Give us some fucking tunes, guys. A riff or two at least.
JERRY MCPHEETERBERG

JON APPLETON/ DON CHERRY
Human Music
Water

There's experimenting with weird shit, and then there's being an expert at it to the extent that every time you open your mouth, God comes out. That's what Don Cherry was like. This is him playing a range of flutes and percussion while some other guy makes electronic squiggles. It's from the 70s and it could have been recorded yesterday. Love it.
UNCLE JOHN

GAGS GONE WILD!

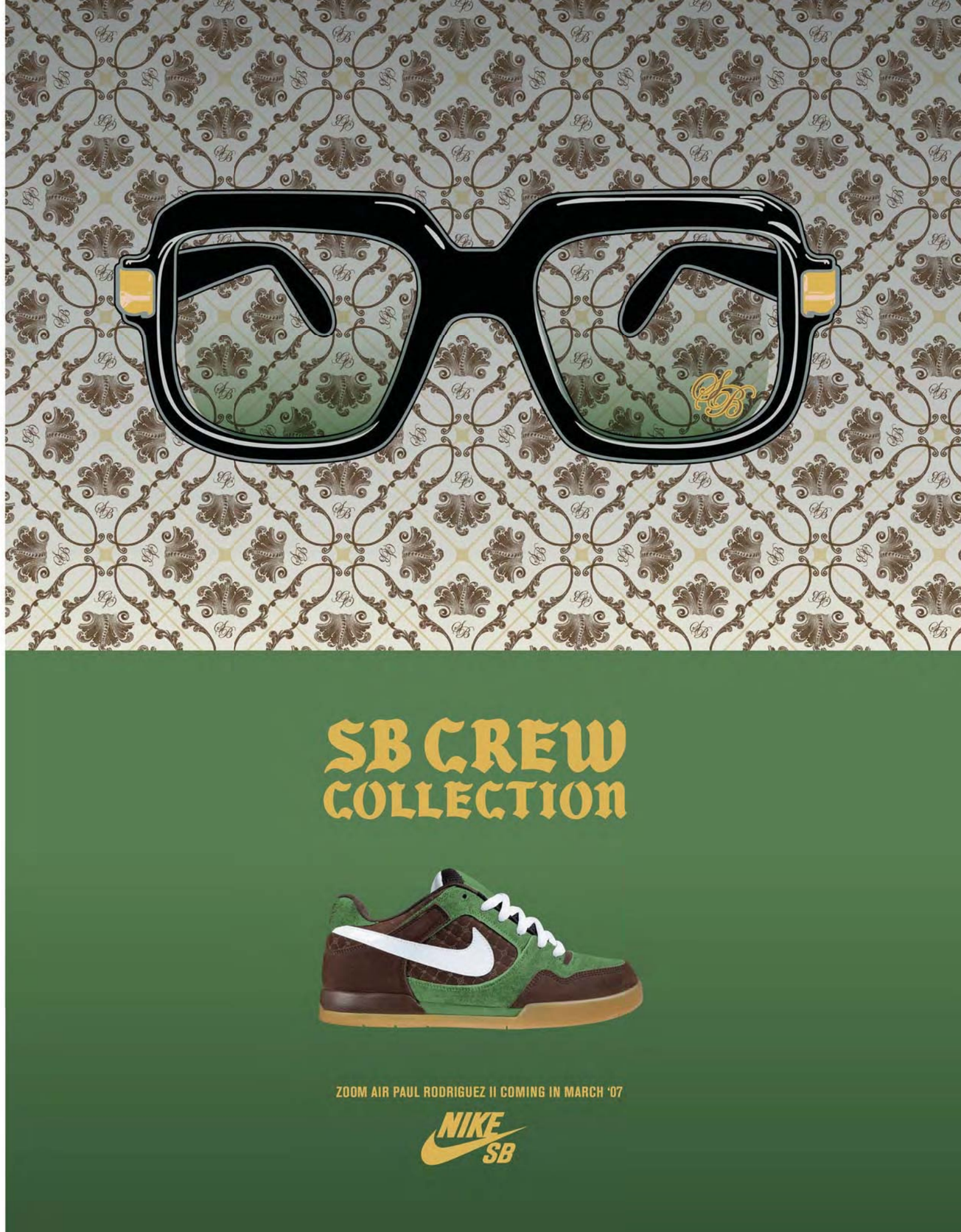
by Johnny Ryan

"I'M NOT A LESBO, BUT MY BREAST CANCER IS!"

"HEY! WHADDAYA KNOW! GIRLS ARE GOOD FOR SOMETHING!"

"AT LEAST ON THIS PLANET THE GIRLS DON'T HAVE BIG, FAT, STUPID MOUTHS THAT NAG YOU EVERY MINUTE!"

"THAT'S IT! I'M GETTING OUT OF THE RAPE BUSINESS!"



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